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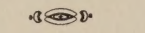

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The radiant life

THE RADIANT LIFE: A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

The Radiant Life

A BOOK OF HAPPINESS

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INTRODUCTION

THE late Baron von Hugel, of whom I have such happy memories, told one day how he used to wonder, in his fellowship with Newman, how one so good, and who had made so many sacrifices to God, could be so depressing. Contrariwise, he was wont to marvel, twenty years later, in his friendship with the Abbe Huvelin, how one more melancholy in natural temperament than Newman himself, and one physically ill in ways and degrees in which Newman never was, could so radiate spiritual joy and delight as the Abbe did. He explained the difference by saying that Newman had never freed himself from the shadow of Puritanism, whilst Huvelin had nourished his soul, from boyhood upwards, on the joyous spirituality which flowered in the life of St. Francis.

Whatever the explanation, in our hurried and noisy day most of us are nearer to Newman than to Huvelin: more as a lack than a loss we know not "the deep power of joy." Our religious life is more a quest than a conquest, eclectic rather than organic, occasional rather than continuous, less a passion than a problem. Either it is so timely that it is unable to rise to the eternal, or so remote from the life of our day that it makes no contact with it except by way of compensation and escape. In either case, the lives of the saints,

so joyous and victorious, seem like a fourth dimension —a thing one may argue exists, but remote and unreal.

Something is missing in our modern religion; all of us feel it. There is a lost radiance, a pathetic perplexity, a haunting hesitation, as if we had lost a secret almost too simple to be found out. The essays in this book, the ripe fruit of faith and fellowship, grown by a sunnier wall of experience—wise with a wisdom that is gentle, and overbrooded by a spirit of serenity and beauty—seek to restore order in the inner life, and to lead us along the paths of the spirit to those permanent fountains, whose waters never fail, where we may find refreshment and renewal. They have to do with an inner art and attitude, at once a technique and a fellowship, in which we may find the truth in life and the life in truth.

It is both an honour and a joy to act as usher in this chapel of quietness and gladness in which a gracious teacher, out of rich experience of things eternal, seeks to guide us to One whose Life interprets life, whose fellowship is freedom, and whose love has in it the secret of unknown revelations and unguessed adventures.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

THESE messages are offered as witnesses and testimonies of people whose lives have been changed; who have become awakened unto a fresh and personal realization of God that has lifted them out of darkness into light and made them life-changers and guides of the Way, and not casualties and victims of the road.

Look through these words, therefore, and beyond them rather than at them, until you sense that group of faces, cultured, expectant and eager, that met the teacher in classes in Religion and Life from week to week in a metropolitan parish in the Middle West.

Some were sorely sick who now are happy and well; some were hopeless of the Church's help, who now find reality where once were words and sounds; and some there were whose little boat had long been wind-blown, oarless and adrift, whom now the " Shepherd of the sea " has found.

" One moment of man's life," says Emerson, " is so stupendous as to take the lustre out of all fiction." Back of what is written here are such " life-moments," moulding the message that has helped to mould them. They are weapons that have won, not merely words that inform.

The Author wishes to acknowledge his profound gratitude to those imperishable messages of the great mystics. Scarcely a thought that we have urged would have been possible but for the fire which they had kindled. Among them, we remember with specially affectionate appreciation *The Mind's Ascension to God,* by Bellarmine, *The Scale of Perfection,* by Hilton, *The Amending of Life,* by Richard Rolle, and *The Dark Night of the Soul,* by St. John of the Cross. And above all the works of the master mystic, Jacob Boehme, *The Way to Christ, The Mysterium Magnum,* and Mrs. Penny's *Studies in Boehme.* No man will ever be the same, who begins a serious study of this greatest of mystics. The author will be glad to answer inquiries of those seeking Light and Peace.

J. S. B.

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I

THE FIRE THAT JESUS KINDLED

THE love of Christ in the human heart is the greatest fire ever kindled on earth. But it is more, it creates a new, vast world in which the spirit of man may live and move. That is what He came to do—to make all life anew and to touch the common heart of every man with the purging and glorious fire of His love. A world with hearts aflame with His love! What a vision it is!

But, in spite of the flash of this vision, we are almost toying with it today, when, as a matter of fact, we should be shaken out of slothful sleep and permit it to have its way. Let us try to do so.

It seems to come at first so faintly, gently, quietly, that it is almost unnoticed like the long fingers of light that streak the dawn, scarcely seen for a time. It comes like the dew, silently, noiselessly falling, or like the rain, just a few scattering drops here and there at a time. It seems to come, as Jesus in His strange, haunting words, said it would come, as a "wind that bloweth where it listeth." Yet, when we surrender to it, when we become possessed by it and cease to trifle and coquette with it, when we stop thinking of it as tinsel and tissue, and think of it as an august and sceptred power, it rules us with a beautiful sway.

It is therefore a world, an existence all in one. It can replace our loss of other possessions, it can make amends for other disappointments, it can make us live again in that great deep inside of us, where once all was dark and dead; and one who does not know anything of this love for Christ, to whom it is just a story, would consider this simple statement of facts as extravagant exaggeration.

But what a mistake! For one of two things is bound to happen, either this flame of love will conquer the physical body and the physical world, with all their baseness and sin, or else love in the soul will be beaten and its power destroyed. One or the other must fall, must go! What a mistake to think of this love as a beautiful something that touched the human heart two thousand years ago in Galilee, but is now just a sweet dream. How equally mistaken to think of it as a fine theory of life, a pretty point of view, and never for a moment to be considered as a thing for which to get hurt, for which to spend time and strength, and, above all, not a thing for which to impair your health and risk any great amount of money. What a mistake!

So it happens that this force, the love of Jesus, greater than dynamite, vast as eternity, immortal, indestructible, is something toyed with, trifled with, shammed, imitated, ignored, and yet today it can become a sunburst of glory in any man's life who will seek and find it, who will uncover and set it free. It can never be known truly until it becomes our all in all.

We must seek it and see it as the dawn, gradually coming, slowly spreading over all, silently absorbing our whole gaze, filling our world with strange silent light, renewing all life as well as beautifying the common day. We should see it as we do the sea. At first we are so absorbed in getting aboard our vessel, with our stateroom adjustments, with the people we see, with the excitement of the hour and all the wonder of a ship's life, that we almost forget there is a sea. But later, a few hours later, we are out of sight of land and we, at the railing, look out upon that old and ever new mystery, the sea, which man has neither mastered nor spoiled. Then the mystery sweeps from us all other thoughts and rules our mind. We should think of the love of Jesus like that—give our hearts wholly to it, be caught by its vast sweep, its wonder and magic and spell.

The real wonder is not that so few love Jesus today, but that any one should love Him at all—that is the miracle! And in spite of much that looks to the contrary, there is an increasing multitude whose hearts love Him as the centuries go by. The foes of that love, the enemies that threaten the extinction of its light, the competitors that flaunt their rival wares in its market to lure our finer interest astray, are increasing, and the fight for a place within, where the fire of that love may burn, is going to be a serious one in the near future.

But what wonder it is that any of us should love Him—really love One who lived so long ago, passing His few days among an uninteresting and strange sort

of people, in a violent, corrupt and brutal time. That we should love One who never adorned Himself with the cultured robes of great schools or girded Himself with the flashy trappings of earth's great ones; One who died friendless, alone, broken, leaving behind no great institutions of any worldly sort, nor any brilliant representative who might speak with a great sounding voice of authority. There was nothing of that. But the fact is that the hungry human heart never could love One who merely lived and died long ago. Still there are many whose hearts burn with love for Him today. We wish there were more. We rejoice that there are some. It is a marvel that there should be any.

This love in the heart for Jesus, throbbing, burning, luminous, pushing its way through all and over all, at times scarcely certain of aught else, may at length so possess the heart that it may be careless of almost everything besides, and some there have been who were glad that this love was all that they had.

If you think this foolish, as many may, then think of the amazing love of the Three Musketeers of Dumas! their love for one another, each for all and all for each, was all they had. It was not a passion, it was a blaze, a fiery flame, and for all time it will hold you with the romantic spell of its story. How often we see them in the tale, singing their way through the world, swinging along the roads, ranging anywhere, countless foes around them, pain and death everywhere, now and then losing one another,

and then all is black and hopeless, but soon meeting again, embracing and driving ahead, slashing their way through all. All they had was a trusty sword and—love!

But we should love Jesus something like that—undauntedly, gaily, romantically, and with some thrilling sense of risk that moves love to draw its finest weapon and venture something for that fine, fair, wondrous Presence which can shield a fearless heart from all harm. But it has come to mean so little, today, in countless lives, no peril is wanted, no hurt, no loss and no blood. A thrill of horror should strike through the heart at the thought of any foe coming in between the heart's love and Jesus, whom it adores. So felt the Musketeers, but do we?

We have so much all about us today, so many things, so much to do, so many interests to consider and places to go that but little time is left to visit and refresh ourselves in that inward kingdom of happiness which, like all true kingdoms, has its foundations within.

We must have the love of Jesus within us in such magnitude and certainty that, having it, we can stand alone against the world. For that is what we must do—stand against the whole of the world, for it is its deadly foe. That is why our hearts surrender to it with elation and release, because it enables us to face and front that world, look it full in the face without fear, laugh at its threats or bribes and rejoice when it sends us away into the solitude of God, knowing that we come back from that solitude with a sceptre of

which the world stands in awe. The world has always stood aghast at the flash of a face through which the light of the love of Jesus burns.

It is a high day in one's life when one gets through with speculating and playing with the thought of Jesus love and awakens to a realization that it is a world and a vast and fascinating one. A whole universe within itself, rich, sufficient and complete. For what are some of the things which this visible world gives you? Air to breathe, sights to behold, food and drink and a rough brown road for your feet, a canopy of sky above you and a cot somewhere for sleep. But all of this is pierced with many a heartache, and shaken and torn by nameless storms. But the love of the heart for Jesus leads you into a world that is larger, lovelier and fairer than this. It gives you eyes with which to see God, food and water for the spirit's peace, an eternal sky above the soul and a quiet time where true peace is found, no storm or dark eclipse.

This modern world of today is so brilliant, many-sided and immense, so seductive and fascinating that it sways and moulds the lives of men as never before. If your contact with Jesus is so slight, if all that He means to you is so shadowy, vague and indefinite; if it is only a matter of saying a creed, reading a chapter, attending worship when convenient, this brilliant ruthless world will tear in pieces the cheap stuff, the little thread of ribbon that joins your life to Him, and soon you may find yourself parting with it all with scarce a regret. All about us, today, are multitudes

of Christian people who hitherto have seemed to be regular in their worship and religious in their ways, but somehow the fierce drive for a living, the captivating, ensnaring influences of the time have combined to exert a strange, baleful and powerful influence on the standards, ideals and principles of many to whom Christ's life thus far has been law, but who today have given it all up, pushed it to one side, pounded or driven into submission by the hammer blows of a materialism that hates the love of Christ with sworn hate.

Mr. Hoover said that something has happened to American institutions, that there has been "a moral subsidence" everywhere. But it is worse than that—something has happened to the spirit of the people today, some change has taken place in the way they feel toward God and life itself; in their tone of inward certainty, and there is a sense of dark vacancy within—something has happened to many. But there is no mystery about it, they have tried to play the game without the Captain, they have tried to build a house of pasteboards. They have given their heart's love passionately to making a living and given God an occasional gesture of courtesy. It won't work. Somewhere there will be a crash, a collapse, a wreck. Jesus said, in His tender way—"And great was the fall of it."

Our love of Jesus must be our real world, our whole world. It must be the soul's air, light, food, as the physical food, air, and light are to the body. It must be complete, it must be able to suffice, it must stand

supreme, coming first and comprehending all. To Paul it had height, depth and breadth, and carried such power that even such terrible and destructive realities as famine, sword, nakedness and death lost all reality and their appearance became illuminated and even glorified by the consciousness of the love of Christ. What a blaze—what a torch of a man he was! What a measureless sun of splendour this love of Jesus must have been to the soul of Paul!

But in our smaller way—in our poorer fashion—we may begin to think of the love of Jesus, our love for Him and His for us, as being a world. We may so accustom ourselves to it that at last it becomes a reality. Let us try to think of it a great deal, allowing time for it, giving real effort to it, and not merely having a flitting thought of it now and then, not visiting it in imagination occasionally, as one would an interesting village; not letting it be just a spot, a point in time where here and there we give over our conscious inward world to the dear consideration of His love.

Let us make His love a world! Let us really live there and visit elsewhere—live rejoicingly when there and visit for useful service the rough fields of daily work. Let us start from the room of the heart's love of Him and then enter all other fields that may come and shun none of them. But remember: start right—start with Him. Do not become devoured of life, submerged by the world, absorbed by it and sunk in it, and then visit Him, only to come back heartbroken

because an impatient visit to Him gave us nothing. Impatient visits never do. Our trouble is that our real world is this shadowy realm of daily affairs and the world of Jesus' love and presence is filmy, far away, dreamy, shadowy. Our worlds are confused, we must reverse them. Surrender to this love of Jesus, seek it, behold it, give all for it, and then the change will come—shadows will become substantial, and ugly realities, hitherto great and which have sorely undone us, harmless shadows.

But to love Jesus truly, love Him with the whole heart, love Him with risk and daring and high abandon, willing even to get hurt, resolving to pay anything it may cost, thrilled when it is mentioned, sad when it is forgotten—this, all this, leads us into a whole world that will be as new and strange as America was to the astonished eyes of Columbus and as remote from the cheap existence of the average conventional Christian of today as America itself was to bewildered monarchs of Europe of that time. Again we say then that a supremely passionate love for Him is a glorious world in itself and the poor, passing, befuddled world of today, whatever its philosophies (apart from Him) may say, is but pasteboard grandeur, colourful, but fading and dying.

We need a new asceticism, today, and unless some good signs mislead us, we are likely to have it. A new asceticism, not a retreating from the world into a cell, not leaving the wild, foolish throngs all about us, victims of violence, deceit and folly. But a truer asceticism or askesis, whose discipline drives us daily

into quiet times with Jesus, the all-powerful and all-beautiful, and lingering there until we become more sure of Him than we are of the chair we occupy; more confident of His presence than we are of the light falling about us, more sensitive to His voice than we are to all the noise and babble about us.

A new asceticism—not retreating from men, but rather retreating into God, and then serving and changing men. Not hating the rushing crowds, but not letting the crowds crash our Silence. Not *visiting* God and *living* with men, but *living* with God and *visiting* men. Dwelling with Christ, abiding in Him that we may mingle with men and recover them unto Him. Not engrossed, absorbed, drugged and saturated with the sensualities of the time, but making the love of Jesus, hitherto just an idea, a theory, so real that it becomes bread and water to feed and refresh us, and so vast that it becomes like the sky and so deep that it becomes like the sea—a world!

Why not, why hesitate about it and shiver all over with surprise at the uncompromising thought of His love? For the heart's love of Jesus is absolutely uncompromising. What does our whole religion mean, anyway? Our Eucharist, our Bible, our Cross and all the marvellous symbols and ancient agencies which the beautiful passion of Jesus has used to reach the heart and kindle love's fire and by which He has swayed the world so long, but of which so many have grown strangely weary today. What do they all mean?

Their meaning is quite plain—our Eucharist, with

its broken bread and the marks of nails borne on it, tells of "brokenness," and the wine, the blood, given and poured and shed; and the Cross, still towering o'er the wrecks of time, all of it means brokenness. Love always means that, can never seem less—broken, shed, given, risked in order that it might penetrate the calloused soul of man and be set there forever and the fire of it, the warmth and light of it, the heart has caught and held and will hold forever. As George Crowley sings:

"I ask no dreams, no prophet's ecstasy,
No sudden rending of this veil of clay;
No angel visitant, no opening skies,
But, Lord, take the dimness of my soul away."

The awakening of a personal love for Jesus in the heart, when it truly comes, will change the whole life, change the centre of its gravity, alter its whole emphasis of values. It is bound to do so. Formerly it was concerned with the external, the outward; now it is chiefly concerned with the inward, the internal. Before, it was possessions, pleasures, activities and all the changing show of daily life. Now, it is how we think, how we feel, our motives, ideals and aims. We no longer desire to get hold of something outward in order that we may enjoy it inwardly. We have become awakened inwardly and desire to change all outward contacts.

We have slowly become aware of a strange power and light and joy within, and we would like to give them a voice. We have become possessed of a won-

derful guidance and long to say something about it. The love of Jesus must capture and possess our entire personality, today. That is what we need more than anything else. Francis Xavier had it, back in the fifteenth century, in his great daring enterprise as pioneer missionary in China. Archdeacon Stuck had it, in our later time, when labouring in the land of the Arctic Circle. Bishop Brent, in the Philippines, was a marvellous illustration of it—all of them were glorious in the work because they had been wholly taken possession of by Christ. It is our supreme need.

Men know about His love, but they do not know Him and His love—acquainted with the story, but not penetrated by the presence. So it is with our whole life of faith—we believe in these. There is no difference in the way the whole membership of our churches believe in regard to these great truths. They believe them all. But our trouble begins just there. We believe or think that this same God, this same Christ, the soul, the Church and all of it, belong to us. We believe that the love of Jesus belongs to us, that it should meet our needs, serve our wants, help us to accomplish our aims and therefore this love is our *asset,* and if it does not turn out to our satisfaction, then there is something wrong with this love. This is almost worse than not believing in Christ at all.

Only one thing will clear this up, save us and gladden us, and that is a complete surrender to the love of Jesus Christ, letting it capture and hold us, for we

belong to that love, " Ye are not your own." Then, when this is done, we will be different men, see all things in a new light, succeed where we had failed, happy where we had been hopeless, and perhaps well where we had been sick.

The real battle of the near future, the real struggle which true lovers of God and friends of Jesus must face and share is not one that is primarily outward, but inward. It will consist, not so much in the erection of great buildings, or improving ceremonies, or multiplying organizations, ornaments and the endless list of things that pertain to fabric and superstructure. Rather will it try to take deeper possession of the human consciousness and capture the inner world of men and perhaps it will do this at first in the lives of just a few men. It will profoundly move and mould many who have hitherto been but slightly touched by the personal power of Christ. It will set ablaze a whole world in the life of man after man in whom now there may be only a spark of interest, only a fitful gleam of concern for all that He is or means. It will be marked not so much by more intensive effort, just to get people to come to Church, as in getting people's mind and spirit to realize that they are in God and therefore possessed of God.

The very ground on which the Christian stands, today, is being challenged and denied, and that is that the human spirit can really be affected by the Spirit of God. It is denied that there is any such Spirit in God or in man, God being only a kind of dumb intelligence, a world-energy, careless of our fate and impos-

sible of making Himself known, and man being a bundle of inherited racial instincts, a puppet of circumstances, the child of luck or accident, fated to succeed or fail, as the case may be.

This is the teaching of a large percentage of our writers of fiction and of our more serious literature. The air is full of it; this is the trend, the masses believe it, and you and I cannot escape its impact and pressure. Either, then, we have had a personal experience of God's love in Christ or else we have not. Either we can have it if we will, or we will not because we are too callous and unconcerned. But if we persist in such personal indifference, if we continue to leave it to the religious few, while we concern ourselves only with making more money, we will not escape the fight.

We are living in an age that is trampling upon more spiritual ideals, more hopes and visions that have made character, turned darkness into light and refashioned whole races, than was ever known before. We will be compelled to declare ourselves either for these reckless, soulless ideals of today, or for the pure, majestic love of Jesus. We will yield to the false voices that tell us to do as we please with all that we are, or else become a companion of Jesus, our body ruled by His dear presence, our mind guided and governed by His mind, our soul inbreathing from Him the life that is Life indeed.

We fail so largely to see all we can do and of what we are possible. In themselves, men are such shadows, soon flitting away, soon forgotten and gone. In

twenty years from now, neither our place nor our enterprise, nor the people we know will be remembered. They are like the "shadows of a dream," Amiel said. "They are a 'vapour,'" St. James said. "Their little life is rounded with a sleep," Shakespeare said. "We must know Him in this awakened sense, opening our eyes to the simple fact that He is more alive in our personal proximity than He ever was in Galilee, not walking with us only, but living in us now, and not only looking in upon us through our window as morning by morning we awaken to the day's life, but penetrating and moving upon every event and contact throughout the day. For throughout the whole day He goes, through its noise and quiet, its work and talk, its thought and action, its silence and solitude, through it all He moves, pressing upon all the areas of our life with His dear presence, pouring into all these channels His mind and spirit and power. But making us somehow to realize that these influences are not only moving upon us, but passing through us, that others, many others beyond us may receive and be changed by the many beautiful forces that have so changed us.

It is impossible, therefore, to think of this marvellous love of Jesus except as a direct experience of God. He is just that—an experience. But when anything has passed over into our life and become personal, it has not only touched us, it has passed through us. We have expressed it, uttered it, in some way, and into the very life-stream of others it has gone.

So, too, must we have this experience of the love of

Jesus; it must not only be recorded in a story, affirmed in a creed, enshrined in a ceremony; it must vibrate through our whole life, and when it does, it will change all life through the changes wrought in us. Our conventional, casual church life is terribly in need of this, and the absence of it ought to arouse us as a trumpet at night awakens the sleeping soldier.

We gradually become aware of another beautiful development in our life when we have made the love of Christ our supreme goal. We will first notice the strange consciousness growing as of Someone travelling with us, Someone moving in our direction. This is why Jesus, from earliest Christian times, is portrayed so frequently as a Pilgrim, journeying along with His devoted friends over the rough road of life. Daily we have found the feeling taking ever more and more definite shape within us, as of Someone softly, viewlessly moving along with us. Then this will slowly, gradually change and assume a new and finer aspect and will seem as if we are moving in His direction! At first it is as if "the Unseen Traveller" of whom Wesley sang, were following us. Now it seems as if we were following Him. It was this way, you recall, in the case of the two whom He overtook and accompanied on the way to Emmaus—He was with them, following them. Then in the room at the end of the journey, when unveiled and undisguised, He stood disclosed before them, all that was within them, all their thought and feeling, all their burning and eager yearnings and desires rose up and moved out to Him and followed Him.

Many other things in the life of the world seem to wear this aspect of reversal, so many things are seemingly followed which ultimately follow. The sun itself seems to follow the earth, rising and setting, day after day, following the earth from East to West—but, later, we find that the earth follows the sun.

At first, when life begins, our children follow us, holding our hand, guided by our look and voice. But in the end—as we near our own Western limit—we face the strange and affecting fact that we are following *them.*

Few things move us more deeply, cling to us more endearingly in our discovery of this larger meaning of the love of Jesus than that it is a strange, silent, moving presence, softly and hauntingly travelling in our direction, never quitting, never quarrelling, never condemning, but never once letting go or leaving off.

Then a day came, an hour struck, or a little silent bell seemed to ring in the heart of some mysterious event, or in some capturing word that fell on our ears, when things had overwhelmed us and life's house seemed to have fallen into ruins, and an obstinate something within us gave way, and our baffled, prideful heart decided to surrender, to shift the order of going and we turned to this silent Friend and said, "O Master of the Road, lead on. You know the way, the whole way, for You are the Way." And then—then the follower was followed, and the leader was led, and a weary traveller through life no longer thought of the presence as a part of his life, but found his little life a part of a Presence. "We are not apart from

God, but a part of God." And Browning's unveiling words grow clear:

"And so that one Face,
Far from vanish, rather grows;
Or decomposes but to recompose,
Becomes my universe that sees and knows."

II

THE QUIET RADIANCE OF JESUS

JESUS put a light into human life which illuminates it from within. It shines through and streams from it. That is why He is rightly called the Light of life, and that also is why He is radiant. He seems to break forth from within; to be incandescent. Emerson once remarked, "There are many lamps, but one Light." That also is true. All other lights shine with borrowed power, and at last they seem to burn out. But He borrows from none and gives to all, and is inexhaustible.

All light enables us to see what otherwise would be invisible. This light of Jesus enables us, today, even after so long a time, to perceive beautiful realities which, without Him, we would not be able to see—eternity, life, soul, love and its beauty, peace and its joy, and, above all else, God. Many have become so sure of these things and they have entered so deeply into their lives that they are willing to risk something for them, and some there are who are willing to risk all.

Yet He began His work so simply in Galilee, two thousand years ago, that no one imagined at that time that He carried such a light, and He is still walking our streets, today, and moving along our lanes and

highways, very softly and viewlessly, unseen much as He was then, breathing the dusty air of our shops, threading His way in and out among our noisy thoroughfares and, strangely enough, we still imagine that He has nothing to give to this machine-driven age of ours, just as they did of old. Yet He has much to give.

He went in and out among the people of His time, scattering abroad everywhere that strange, subtle, penetrating influence of His which we can best describe as radiance. One writer says of Him that He "went about doing good," by which we think he meant that He "went about giving light," letting it fall here and there upon everyone, upon every place, upon every subject, problem, issue and mystery. Is there any goodness greater than that of giving light where once was darkness, light that our feet may walk more surely, light that our minds may think more clearly? Is any goodness lovelier than that? It was a light emergent from Him, it did not descend upon Him, it did not rim His face and figure like a halo, but glowed from within. It was scarcely thought of at the time as light, for it seemed so plain, simple, human and natural. His words seemed just as the words of others, His looks, glances, tones and touches seemed very much like their own, and it did not appear to them that any light was being conveyed. Some indeed seemed to think that it was darkness, rather than light, and so they said of Him that He was born of Beelzebub, the source of all darkness. How could these simple ways and familiar words of

His carry any great light for our lives, they said, or as they put it: " How doth this man know letters, never having learned? "

We know that He worked " wonders," " mighty works," as they called them; " miracles," as we call them now—stilling an angry sea, feeding a hungry multitude, clearing the crazed minds of those possessed of devils, calling Lazarus from his grave, and that still greater work that He did on Calvary, and that vaster work still in the Garden of the Empty Tomb. They were all indeed mighty works, but we have often wondered if much of their mightiness was not due to the fact that they opened floodgates of light upon a darkened and hopeless world.

Those lepers were not only cleansed, they also saw plainly. Those hungry thousands whom He fed, not only had their desire for food satisfied, they also saw things more clearly afterwards. Lovingkindness not only comforts, it seems to illuminate as well, and while it gives peace to tense nerves, it also gives vision to weary eyes. It is one of the amazing things of history that this light has so emerged from Him and gathered all around His Name and left a marvellous trail behind Him in history, that men are more certain of His fact and figure than anything else.

Everyone is remembered according as He has given something of lasting worth to human life, as He has added unto the world's material wealth, increased the sum of its knowledge, made physical life safer and happier, or as He may have liberated the mind from ignorance and error, and set free the conscience from

countless tyrannies. It is a recognition often delayed and sometimes apparently forgotten, but this is only apparently so. Generally speaking, men remember a great giver and his gift, one who has helped them to live more wisely, richly and strongly, and when you consider these givers and their gifts, you will also find that along with their gifts there has come the blessing of some kind of light—life itself has grown more livable and understandable.

Ford has given us a cheap and useful machine for transportation. Edison has given us a practical use of the electric current. Goodyear has transformed rubber from a mere curiosity into an invaluable commodity of commerce. Washington, and those who worked with him, made of a few struggling colonies a successful self-governing republic, and Lincoln took that republic and made it united forever.

But these are not the greatest givers. Long ago there were men who gave more than these, because the things which they gave changed the world on the inside. Their gifts were to man's interior life, and they seem to have shed abroad within us a tremendous light, so that, today, we know and realize and enjoy this vast, inner world in a richer, freer way. Unfortunately, the givers of today are not enlarging the interior world of mind and soul, of faith and love. Their gifts of genius appear to be directed toward the development and glorifying of the world without, its enlargement and expansion, and they may be tempted to forget that unless we get more light upon the world within, we will never rightly be able to improve the

world without. For vision that leads to outward progress is born of another vision gotten from within.

How vastly Socrates, for instance, enriched us within, by what he did in teaching the human mind right methods of thinking! Thus the dialectic method of thought and instruction, which is really the basis of our thinking, was one that was born of him. How vastly Aristotle enriched us inwardly, by making us realize the unity and relationship of all created things, and that the universe and all that is within it, its sea and land and sky, its wind and trees and flowers and men, all belong to one constituent and united whole! The gifts of Aristotle to the human mind were the gifts of the knowledge of the unity and harmony of the whole.

Yet Abraham did something better. He taught the human spirit that it could be guided of God, that it could hear the voice of God and arise and follow it, and so it is said of him that he " went out not knowing whither he went." Moses also vastly enriched us, in like manner, by enabling us to see that the line between right and wrong was a line drawn by God Himself and especially because he organized human life about him on a basis of right relationships between man and man, which reflected a like relationship between man and God. There is hardly any exaggerating the immense debt of humanity to Moses.

Then there were those wonderful Hebrew seers, some of whom wrote some of the Psalms and one of whom wrote the Second Isaiah, who opened our inward eyes and made us aware that sorrow and dis-

appointment may become changed into friends and teachers, and not enemies and destroyers, that we may find light even in darkness and distill peace out of pain. These were wonderful gifts to our spiritual life.

Now, when we compare these great men and their gifts, one with another, and arrange the values of what they gave, these men who gave us inventions, discoveries, machines and institutions, with men who have given us truths, visions, ideals, principles and insight, we realize how much greater and lovelier have been the contributions to the inward life than those to the outward life. For while the gifts made to our outward life have given us a world more agreeable and comfortable to live in, the gifts to our inward life have made us wiser, purer, happier and more contented.

We have to bear all this in mind when thinking of what Jesus gave. For Jesus gave something to this inward life. He has enabled us to see it and live it, and we are thereby enabled today to behold the universe and all human life in a light which but for Him we would not have. This light, flowing quietly from Him, helps us to consider the whole of the world in the light of the whole of God. Before He came, it was thought of as a sphere, a place, a thing, a land that belonged to a chosen people. But He has enabled us to see it in the light of a universal purpose. It was He who gave us this vision; who awakened this feeling, and moved us to take this outlook upon all things; and as we contemplate it all, it seems to us to be like the light of a quiet radiance, permeating all things.

Jesus did not write this down in so many words and deliver it as a lecture or preach it as a sermon. He lived it, He was the thing itself, and through His living a light has shone and we have seen it and felt it, rather than have read it, because it has been made plain by His illumination, breaking forth from within Him, coming forth from Him, merging itself into all our life today, and it will continue to enlighten us forever.

Deep within the life of the best of us there seems to live and throb and pulsate a strange, mysterious urge or impulse, as of something or Someone, that moves all through us and impels onward in His direction. An impulse which appears to carry us forward to what is good, rather than to what is bad, although we are aware at times that we are pulled downward in the direction of what is wrong. But in every man, today, at least in his best moments, there is a certain fluttering of eager interest in this strange and lovely personality, and a wondering and glowing desire to be like Him. A light has fallen upon our path; in other words, a light which it seems could only come from Him. We remember well that remarkable way He had of speaking of men and things in terms of completeness and wholeness, as if He looked upon human beings as being just fragments and pieces of men and women, not whole and complete, but partial and broken, and He desired to make them whole. How often we find expressions like these in the Gospels: " He was made whole," or " He saw plainly," or " He arose and walked;" or else it was, " Be made whole," or His word to the disciples, " Go ye into all the world

and make disciples of every creature." That was the way He always spoke—all, everywhere, every whit whole, whosoever and wheresoever.

Whenever Jesus looked at anything, He looked at it in this immense, complete and comprehensive way.

Dr. Rufus Jones reminds us,* we ought not to be content just with personal faith sustained by conviction, but that we should try to become aware of the presence of God. But it will help us in doing this if we notice some of these deep urges and impulses of our nature. Even the impulse for food and water, and the desire for knowledge and the hunger for peace and joy, for while all of these are not directly born of God, and are not immediately identified with God, they seem to suggest God as by indirection, for these yearnings and hungerings of our nature must have folded within them somewhere that infinite yearning which is greater than all, namely, the yearning of man for God. For if God is a beautiful inward presence, pressing and pushing His way through all and over all, and striving for utterance, eager for radiant expression, then there ought to be certain signs of it, certain motions of its life and indications of its presence which give us the hint of its activity.

Many great men have given us good things, but most of these givers and helpers have given things which have helped us on the outside, while Jesus has chiefly done His work within our lives. He has convinced us, for instance, that our bodies are the temples

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* *The New Quest*, page 220.

of the Holy Spirit, that the world without is a part of the many mansions of God. He has told us to whom we belong, that we are not wholly in possession of ourselves; He has told us in what spirit we should live and speak, and that we ought to let His words abide in us forever and, furthermore, that the light which we thus catch from Him must be reflected and permitted to shine forth without, and if we do so, it will change all relationships, contacts and standards about us.

Thus we believe that the great thing that needs to be done is for every man to try to discover this world within, to find this treasure hidden inside, to hear this quiet voice, and become subjects of this inner kingdom. It is a high day in any man's life, when he comes to realize that God is not a King of kings and Lord of lords, in the usual meaning of those words, not an external force applied to human events, changing their colour, direction and impulse according as we may request it by supplication. But He is one who lives and moves within us, within our deepest life, burning and throbbing through all of these deep urges, hungerings and yearnings. Not an outside providence, not "a tide in the affairs of man, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," as Brutus said, but rather a tide in the souls of men, uplifting and driving them from within onward, lifting them over all opposition and carrying them victoriously forward, high on the shores of the purposes of God. In a word, a kingdom within us or, as Jesus said, "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you," and because this is

true, because it is an inward and invisible kingdom, and because we must have possession of its secret, there may emerge from our inward lives a sort of radiance like that which came from Him. As Sir Francis Younghusband * describes it—"a something within us, that strives to burst into light, that is wholly good."

In our own time we seem to have become increasingly aware, and in a very sensitive way, of a certain wonder and glory within the depths of human personality, of a certain unspeakable delicacy and intricacy of mind, spirit and body, all of it working together in a marvellous unity and harmony, or woven into a matchless piece of lacework, like nothing else in the world. It is one of the realizations of our day.

We seem to have become aware of these inward possibilities of personality in our time more than ever before, and possibly this keener discernment of what we are is due to that illumination that springs from this radiance which He has put into all of life. He makes us aware of the continental vastness and the delicacy and beauty of the world within, somewhat as wonderful explorers make us acquainted with the wide spaces and varied beauty of the world without. Given a God who is like this, and who is doing so lovely and beautiful a work upon us, so noiseless, quiet and deep, then this would seem to be the inevitable conviction which He would work within us.

Knowing the material universe as we do today, in all of its fulness and detail, we might be depressed and discouraged by its overwhelming immensity, by

* *Within*, page 250.

its measureless dimensions, but all of this disappears, all of it becomes duly accommodated, and seems to fall into proper proportion and place when we think of the spirit of God, of the living Christ softly enlightening us from within, and showing us a continent of splendour there, of vastness beyond all measure, not only greater, lovelier, more amazing than Arcturus and his suns, but really able to understand and to describe the measureless beauty of that stellar world which, great as it is, must stand inferior to that other greatness which beholds and understands.

Unless we spiritualize the secular knowledge of the universe of today, it will almost inevitably discourage and dismay us, and fill us with a sort of dumb wonder that may appall and deaden us, rather than inspire. But the feeling which this quiet, inward radiance of Jesus gives us, this thought of an indwelling Holy Spirit, will wonderfully reassure us, making us aware that we carry within ourselves a vaster and lovelier world, a world of which we may become more and more sure, as we take the time to become acquainted with it and give its voices utterance.

It is an immense question that everyone faces today—from what direction do we look for our help, from what quarter do we expect hope to arise, whence is our deliverance, and apparently from whom? Do we expect our help to come to us from the outside, or from the inside? Do we feel, for instance, that our calamity, our battle for health, our desire to get along well in the world, or our right handling of work from day to day, do we feel that help for these needs is help

which will come from without? If so, then we believe in what we have called an "outside providence," and we are living in the spiritual atmosphere of the early part of the Old Testament, and are almost certain to be disappointed, and some dark hour may strike when we shall say, "There is no God."

Now, turn the matter around and look at it the other way—do we not feel that if real help is to come, real power and light and direction from God, that it is help which must come and can only come from within, since God Himself is within? And He is going to be found without only as first we find Him within, and that dwelling within is this powerful, penetrating light, moving through all and able to make us know what its meaning is, if we are quiet and receptive enough to hear Him when He speaks, and simple enough to obey.

It means our happiness and peace, if we face this question aright, if we face it in this way, and seek its true answer in this fashion; or else it may mean just the opposite, it may mean the sadness of a disillusioned and discouraged soul, for that Something or Someone, call it what we will, whom we seek and need, is God, or else all that we know as God seems somehow to be hidden within it and gathered about it.

Then, try to know Him as He truly is, and in the way in which Jesus so simply, beautifully and clearly advised. Try to become aware of Him as being all through us, within us, abiding there as a wonderful and hushed mystery. When we become awakened unto Him, we will really be born again, born into a new

consciousness and realization of who He is and what He means. Slowly, the feeling will take possession of us, that all we know of God, all we will ever know of Him, and His power and peace and joy, is now within us; that we are a part of each other, or that we are a part of Him, and if we fail, then God will fail by just that much, and if we succeed, we will glorify God's victorious purpose for us. A quiet, noiseless, inward radiance, which has gently pressed in upon us the realization that what we need to have corrected, when outwardly we fail, is not that we may get a better job or get more money and success, but that we may have our inward eyes opened so that we may begin to see where it is that God truly dwells, and what He truly desires.

We were talking with a faithful servant of Christ not long ago, who remarked, somewhat sadly and pensively, that it was difficult to become aware of this mysterious guidance of God, of His presence in life as a fact of immediate personal experience. "I can see God's guidance as I look out over the past of my life," he added, "but I do not see it when I look into the present. Retrospectively, it seems to become plain to me, but not prospectively."

That was a frank and informing confession. His

trouble was that he had built his life up on mere religious conviction. But it will not suffice. He was confident in a way, but he had no sense of fellowship and presence. All of that seemed to him nebulous and unreal. It is one of the marks of our deep, religious poverty today, and we might as well face the stern fact and danger that lies back of it, namely, that if we only are aware of religious conviction and have no sense of fellowship with a Person, then the conviction is certain some day to become badly damaged, or to disappear. For, after all, what is back of the conviction? Convinced of what or whom? Is it reality, or is it shadow? You must press through into reality.

How different the witness of another great man of God, made shortly after this experience just mentioned!—a valiant, strong, fine soul, one both cultured and courageous, and just emerging from a terrible battle for his health, slowly climbing back up the hard grade of convalescence. Turning his face to us one day he said, in a tone of great peace and joy, and a quiet radiance enlightening him from within—"The 'Everlasting Arms' is no mere figure of speech. They are all around us, because they are so deeply within us."

That was wonderful and pertinent—we become sure that the Invisible Arms are all about us after we discover that they are deeply within. No wonder he had discovered what radiance meant!

III

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR

AN immense company is gathered together in a great room. All are busy, all are eager and noisy, each preoccupied with his own task, and all hard-driven. Many people are there, all ages, old and young, great and small, all sorts of interests, dispositions and temperaments are represented in that multitude. Noise and commotion are present, all the rush and dusty haste of a vast shop are everywhere seen, and yet many things are accomplished, many great reputations are realized.

But suddenly there is a knock at the door. Not long and loud, but quite definite—a knock! Most of the busy workers did not hear it at all, for the action of things had deafened their ears. But here and there are some that hear the knock and go to the door and open it. A Stranger is there—very courteous, quiet, restrained, softly-spoken, hesitating as if waiting for an invitation. Yet there is a suggestion of vast and radiant power, of immense and measureless reserve somewhere in back of Him. He also seems to have been on a long journey, to be somewhat travel-worn. But there He stands—silent, mysterious, attentive, inquiring with a strange, faraway, wistful look in His face.

Then, on being given the word, He enters, and quickly goes in and out among the workmen that are there, as if He knew just what He was about. In and out, about the wheels and belts and machinery, and the soiled workmen with their careworn faces and sullen hearts. He continues to move about in a strange, quiet way, passing none, but winding His singular course in and out among them all, stopping now and then, when someone looks up, attentive and interested, when He drops a word or flashes a look from His eye, or touches one on the shoulder which seems to work wonders, for the workman is noticed to speed up at the touch and to have a more cheerful look come into his face. But, for the most part, this singular Presence, as it goes on through this mighty shop, is unnoticed, unobserved. He is not even seen by many, and even if He had been seen by more, He might have been thought an intruder, and possibly invited to leave. But the men are too busy, and most of them fail to know anything about His having been in their midst.

That vast room is the room of modern life, and its noise and din and dust is the clatter and dirt and action that is born of modern commerce. Life, today, is more like a factory or a shop, than a sheepfold. We do not know much about shepherds and sheep any more; but factories and wheels and workmen and foremen—we know a great deal about these. Yet factories have human bodies in them, and these human lives get sick and weary and broken, and these factories also have human hearts that beat in them, hearts

that despair and minds that cry out in agony at times, "What do all these belts and wheels mean, anyway?"

Now, it so happened that the Stranger that knocked at that door and entered the shop really had it in mind to pass in and out among the weary workmen and tell them what it was all about, but most of them missed their chance, and it was fortunate that at least a few got a guiding suggestion from Him.

Yes, Someone does, indeed, come to the door of this big shop of life, and in His quiet sort of way, knocks quite distinctly, yet courteously, for He is not a robber or an invader. He really must secure attention before He elects to enter, and everyone in this vast shop has immensely to do with Him—need this Stranger to tell them what it's all about. Long ago they used to call Him the Good Shepherd, but in the noise and dirt and haste of the factory of modern life, it is possible that He would like just as well to be known as the Goodly Foreman—the man who brought into life that marvellously skilled hand and eye of His, and who can show us how to make things as He would have us make them; how to aid a man in putting the finishing touch to the hardest job and touch off the finest sentence of any letter he might write and give authority to an action without, and content of mind to the thought within! Maybe He would like to be looked upon and received today in the great shop of modern life as the Goodly Foreman. We don't know much about shepherds, but we do know something about foremen.

Now, we are sure that through all the noise and dirt of life's infinite factory, "where whirl is king," there moves this Figure and there shines His strange, quiet face, and, now and then, is seen amid the whirl of belts a simple, encouraging wave of His hand, the face and the hand of the Goodly Foreman.

We have come a long way with what we have in our churches today, with our Bibles, ceremonies, creeds and organizations. It is a marvellous thing that has been done. We believe, truly the greatest in the world. And to the numerous critics and detractors of these sacred activities of the Church in the world, we would say that almost every joy and peace that their hearts know today is an experience that has been brought to them or made possible to them by reason of the fact that there was some such institution as this on this earth; that the cheap critics of religious sanctities be restrained by that reminder.

But something else must be brought to pass. We may have reverent contact with all of these externals of religion. We may be very busy in maintaining the outward appearances of this spiritual structure, and yet we may not know Him personally. We may not hear the Knocker at our door. Our minds may not be informed by His mind, our hearts' love may not be changed by His love, our sordid fear, anxiety, passion and prejudice may run riot and play havoc with us. Our thoughts may not be coloured by Him as they should be, and our imaginations may still continue to paint terrible pictures, flaming scenes and dark vistas of hate that recede before the inward eye, and so we

may not be within one million miles of what He is trying to make us to be.

Someone is at the door! At the door of this shop of life; Someone is eagerly pressing His way into the entrance of consciousness and leaning His presence silently over in our direction. When we mix ourselves with all the current and atmosphere of things today, its good and bad, its bitter and sweet, we go forward and upward and follow Him, or else we move downward and outward and the grind of things tears us to pieces.

Someone is at the door—pressing for entrance, viewless, insistent and vital! You may be more certain of the pressure of those feet upon that threshold of consciousness than you are of any other force or fact in all of your connections. More necessary is it for you to catch the sound of that inward knocking and to feel the vibrations of that pressure of His than it is for you to become aware of any other experience.

We should give more thought and time than we do to a right understanding of these countless influences that seem to pour in upon us from so many unseen sources, penetrating, vitalizing us in wonderful and subtle ways.

Our keenly sensitive consciousness within, more easily impressed than is any other surface in the world, receives radiations of light, impressions of power and communications of life, which may originate from other beings than ourselves, equal or superior, and dwelling, it may be, in some planet or

star or inhabiting some invisible abode in the air, nearer to us still, and affecting mind and thought and impulse. Who can deny this? Why may it not be so? Why may not measureless influences like these be felt by us, as long as we are in a living universe? And may not something of this thought have been in the mind of St. Paul, when he said that we are under the influences of "principalities and powers in heavenly places"?

The house of the world is not merely a shop, although, apparently, America would like to make it so. It is more than a factory, or an industrial institution, and in spite of all appearances, this house of the world can only be what God meant it to be, namely, the mansion of a king and—Someone is at the door!

Absorbed as we are by life's daily drudgery and routine, much of it often trivial, commonplace and base, our senses are crowded and congested with impressions of noises and sounds and influences which are coarse and sordid, and we do not permit ourselves time to become inwardly sensible to those fine and lovely messages and voices which are pressing upon us for our attention within. "Someone is at the door," we have said. And so there is.

But let us change the scene and figure a little, yet allowing them to convey the same idea—Someone is on the road! At our side, moving our way, seemingly going along with us—Someone is on the road! We have often thought of it and sensibly felt it, when taking long tramps in summer vacations, in the far-off

lonely places of the North, along the shores of Superior or Michigan, in the upper reaches of Wisconsin, or trudging through Canadian woods. That is to say, we have often become aware, after we had been on the road alone for a few days, hiking, of what seemed to us to be a singular feeling—Someone would seem to be on the road with us. Released from the burden and fret and irritation of daily life, hitting the step into a stride, feeling the vigour of the fresh air, and the singular sense of rhythm in movement, with God's great dome of blue above us and the vast, magnificent and grim lake at hand, it seemed as though we had slipped beneath life's surface for an instant, and were touching unseen hands, hearing mysterious voices, or, at least, feeling subtle influences close beside us. Perhaps pressures and radiations would seem to come and go, flash and fade, and clear across the face of inward thought and feeling, coming not as concrete ideas but by giving us the feeling of Someone being near us, Someone looking our way, who was very attentive and deeply interested in all we did and were.

Not only have we *noticed* this, while away in the lonely North, and hiking over the long brown roads of that world, but as we moved on through the still woods and by the side of the amazing lake we have been absolutely *sure* of it—sure of Someone being on the road. Never lonely or oppressed with any sense of isolation or of apartness from others, but feeling that we had company, that we had contact; now and then Someone would draw nearer, yet never obtruding—at times quite indefinitely so—and then again

making one more aware, as with a sense of inviting nearness, that he were being observed.

To those who know nothing whatever of the thrill and joy of being on the road for days and weeks, we would say that this is not only not imaginary, but unavoidable, inescapable, and deeply assured. At times, we have so far surrendered heart and thought to the solicitation of this inviting Influence, moving noiselessly along in our direction, and the sense of unseen companionship would so deepen within us, that frequently we have looked down, almost expecting to see the sandaled feet! Yes, we have indeed known it to be a fact—Someone at the door, Someone on the road!

We need to take time to speak one to another, more frequently than we do, of these silent voices heard in many ways by various people, and only reported to the inward ear; of a wonderfully uplifting series of subtle impressions that we inwardly see and are attracted to, and which always leave us better and generally happier than they found us. We imagine that we are too busy to do anything of this kind, or that if we speak of it it might be thought peculiar in us, or be received as an unwelcome intrusion.

But, as a matter of fact, some of us are starving to death, spiritually speaking, just because we do not share these remarkable experiences one with another, and stop our fellow workmen in life's shop and say to them, now and then, "I think Someone is at the door;" or else, pause by the side of some rushing pedestrian upon the road of life, who is missing so

much, and say to him, " My friend, did you see that interesting Stranger whom, back there, you passed on the way? " It is something like that that we ought to do, and we are starving because we are not venturing to do it.

We share everything else in the world with one another, except this. We give and take with regard to political views, our new automobile trips, and especially do we share with one another the record of our golf score, if it be a good one. But when it comes to encouraging someone else with the story of how God has encouraged *us,* we might as well be solitary hermits, speechless and out of contact with our kind. Infatuated with the sense of the importance of life's organizations, its externalities and conventions, we seem to think it of no importance to tell any one of the strange, beautiful Influences which may have come to us and changed our night into day. We have been unwilling to say, " Someone has come to my door, and I opened it and have seen Him." Many things enter into this explanation—our pride, our natural reticence, our preoccupation, our impatience and hurry—all these play their part in the answer. But whatever the reasons, all of them are combined to form within us a way of living and to create within us an outlook on life that is not only wrong, but which, one day, will bring us painful regret.

Let us look at it quite plainly. Many of us, as a matter of fact, have had tremendous deliverances and escapes of one kind or another. Light has broken for us where it was very dark, or else the shadow of death

was changed into the light of morning, or some beautiful guidance of God came to us when we were desperate and tangled in the maze of life. But we never let anybody know of the help that came to us. A miracle happened to us, but a discouraged world all around us continued to deny and to despise God just as much as it ever did, while God Himself was trying to speak to that world through the blessing that came to us, but could not, because we would not bear witness for Him. So it came about that a King knocked at our door, and a King drew near to us on the road—it was all the same thing—but our faces did not show any reflected gladness, nor our step any greater elation, by reason of the joy that came to us and the contribution that was made to our life by this astounding Stranger.

If you imagine that "bearing witness" is just an old-fashioned, religious custom, that is impossible to continue in this modern age of ours, then please remember this: It is nothing more than being decently respectful and appreciative towards sources from which help has come; it is nothing more than trying to be honest and fair with the universe itself, from which has come certain aid. The plain fact is, it is just as simple as *that*. You have been given a fortune—then why not say so? You have escaped death in a certain crisis—then why not admit it? You were caught in a hopeless muddle, but, somehow, you were extricated and light flashed in upon you—then why appear as if nothing good had come your way?

It is just because we have taken all this for granted—

all these wonderful gifts—and have never referred to the peace and relief that have come to us, that, at last, dark clouds of doubt have arisen in our own sky, because we went our way and said nothing either to God, who helped us, or to men, who were watching us. Then a strange, terrible thing happened to us—God began to become unreal and vague! In this you may read a wonderful lesson, if you will. The road leading to the recovery of a lost sense of the presence of God is a road winding through the fields of witnessing testimony and a grateful heart. A spirit of thankfulness will always quicken within us the sense that God is near.

IV

LIVING THE RADIANT LIFE

EVERYTHING gives light directly, or gives off light indirectly. There is light that comes to us from the sun, and light that comes from artificial sources like the electric bulb, the gas-jet or fire-flame. But whether it be the sun or the gas-jet, we may think of either as being a source of direct light.

But a great deal of our light comes to us reflected, and not direct. It comes to us from the earth, the trees, the grass, furnishings in our room and myriads of other surfaces all about us. The rays of the sun fall upon these objects and are then reflected to us. But when they come to us, we see them as so much colour, or as so many coloured objects. All of these objects take on the colours of the rainbow, and it is a beautiful and wonderful mystery.

For instance: I hold in my hand a book which has black sides, white pages with red edges, but these variations are all due to the fact that these same sun-rays, falling on one kind of paint or ink, which we call "blue," or "red," or "black," are reflected to our eyes as so many colours. These radiations are vibrations, and different vibrations make different colours. They have been carefully measured by

scientists and it has been found that what we call "blue" has 57,000 vibrations in each linear inch, and that what we call "red" has 59,000 vibrations per inch, which means that each of these little vibrations is $\frac{1}{57,000}$ of an inch and the other $\frac{1}{59,000}$ of an inch in width.

Therefore, imagine for a moment, when you look at a beautiful piece of colour, that between you and that object there is going on a tremendous activity, and the space between is pulsating with thousands upon thousands of active waves of energy.

This is physical light, but it is a symbol of God's life, for Jesus said that God was "light" and "life." It suggests to us, as a symbol always can, that life of God, which we cannot possibly describe except by the suggestion of a symbol, which passes from God to us and from us to others. But get this idea: as certain as we live, so certainly can God make His influence felt upon another, just as the colour of an object before our eyes can send us its message from the sun.

God is life, in fact, the life of all other life, of whatever kind. He is the source, and reason, and explanation of all that is. At the same time that Jesus said that God was "light," He interchanged it with that other marvellous word, which in His uses means much the same thing. He said that God is "love." That is to say, God's life and light, when it is emitted and sent forth into human lives, produces a certain effect, makes us feel in a certain way, and changes things it touches. Jesus covers this influence of God's life and

light with His word "love"—for the love of God is the life and light of God, in action.

Now we can transmit to others this life and light of God just as truly as any material object can transmit sun-rays; indeed, we can do it much better. Therefore, when we speak of trying to live the radiant life, we mean something like this: that it is truly possible to receive from God an energy, a power, mysterious and potent, which moves out from us like the rays of light move out from the sun; that once we catch it, we must transmit it, or fail to keep it.

We know that everyone sends off from himself what seems like a kind of personal undulation or wave of influence. When you walk into a company of people, you are conscious of being affected in various ways, and, in return, you affect others. This impression is due to a kind of vibration, and if we could see it under a kind of spiritual magnifying glass, perhaps it might appear to have a certain colour. That is why the saints of old were given a halo around their heads. It was a suggestion that from them radiated a certain marked, interesting influence, which, in some cases, was far-reaching and beautiful.

One person coming into contact with you affects you with an impression of hopelessness, sadness and despair; another uplifts, inspires and gladdens you. You, on your part, must always bear in mind that if you be in loyal contact with God, there is a radiation going out from you into the lives all about you, which are full of sadness, pain and despair. Theirs is a world of darkness, but yours is a world of light. It is

sun-filled and you must be confident and happy in the consciousness that you can beat down upon and penetrate the heaviness and darkness of others.

It is not so much what you do or say, directly, that gives you influence in the world, it is what you radiate. There is a certain subtle, mysterious something which pushes its way through words and deeds and puts a certain touch into actions, a certain tone into voices; and when we speak of living the radiant life we mean that we are letting God quietly move through what we say and what we do without our giving thought or conscious effort to the process.

Remember, indirect and unconscious influence is the most powerful we exert, and the most interesting. It far outweighs the direct influences we exert; people care much more for the quality of what you say—how you say it—your motives and feelings—than they do for the exact words to which you give utterance.

Now, whether or not you can radiate anything like this to others will depend upon whether you have anything of God in you or not. Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify the Father." He might have put it this way, "So speak, and act, and live, that men may be able to see *through* what you do, rather than to look *at* what you do." It is a question, therefore, of transparency or reflection.

But we can never prove God by demonstration or argument, we can only let Him shine, and this shining will be final and sufficient. It will not always compel

agreement, but it will both take care of you and it will close the mouth of opposition.

Jesus plainly told us that God is peace, love, truth and happiness, and you know that this is true, not only because He said it, but because in His life He made it so. Jesus, Himself, was all of this, so that when men looked at Him they went away with a clear understanding as to just what is meant by peace, joy, love and happiness. But you and I cannot put these things into ourselves by direct effort, nor do they come as a result of education and culture, nor can they be caught or gathered from contact with men who have no interest in God. You can " catch " them by exposing yourself to God, for they are given to us simply and truly by God, if we will permit Him to do so.

This work of deriving these energies or blessings, this process of letting God set these qualities into us, we call " prayer." All such prayer must have a period of silence, of looking up to God, of thinking about Him in a simple, voiceless, quiet way. The other part of prayer is petition, the part we devote to talking to God or to asking God for the things we need.

These approaches to God need not be lengthy, but they should be repeated ofttimes during the day, just as we can, and wherever we may be. It is the act of going to God in a systematic and sincere manner, and saying to Him something like this:

> Now, dear Lord, I pray Thee, give unto my life some of the qualities that belong to Thee. Bestow upon me some of Thy wis-

> dom, so that I can understand things; some of Thy courage, so that I shall have no fear of men or of myself; some of Thy truth, so that I may be deeply and inwardly right. Then help me so clearly to know how Thou dost live and what Thou dost want, that I may be able to make my words and acts give unto men the sense of Thy being behind all that I do.

This desire on your part to be in agreement with God is also the basis of your personal health and physical well-being. It will take out of you confusion and despair, it will fill you with hope and good cheer. It will take out of you the feeling that you are devoured by interest in mere things and fill you with the certainty of the beauty and reality of God. Harmony, unity and peace must be at the bottom of all good health and vigour. It is the secret of sleep and digestion and the control of your nerves. It will put you indirectly at the disposal of the rays of God's light and love.

We believe that you can bring any sickness and disease that you may have, and expose it to the play and penetration of God's life and presence, and it will directly affect it through and through. Do not try to settle this by argument, but try it and prove it by rich and fruitful experience.

In trying to live radiantly, let us remember that what we feel is even more important than what we actively think and see. Not that any part of us or anything we do is unimportant, but the real secret of personal power and influence lies in the degree in

which we can send out from us certain waves of feeling. When we are deeply stirred, when the heart's depths are keenly moved, these impulses colour and temper every word we say and thought we think. We ought to be careful, therefore, of our feelings.

Someone may come into your presence who thinks fairly and simply, but back of it all there is a spirit which is hopeless and jealous and will make the whole atmosphere around you cloudy, dark and heavy. Again, another may come with a spirit of resentment, bitterness and grudge against everything and everybody. That feeling will penetrate with its unholy heat, the atmosphere about you, so that you will not want to linger long in such company. The reason is that such persons fill the space all about them with bad vibrations, distressing and harmful waves of emotion are moving out from the depths of their personality, so that what they radiate is not light, but darkness. Just as the face of a blackboard will make the pure white rays of the sun to come to you black.

We ought to realize that by taking thought and having a plan, we can really affect the personal atmosphere around us. When we invite you to live radiantly, we only ask you to let God use the great depths of your nature so that, through your unconscious life, something of God's feelings about things will pass through you to others.

But the difficulty with many is, how to control these feelings, how to effect and adjust them. They feel that the problem is very difficult. But there is

a secret by which it may be done. Stillness before God every day will determine your feelings during the day toward men. It will not be necessary to spend a great length of time at first, for if you begin by making the period long, you may become weary. But persist in it day after day, remembering that it is the system that ultimately makes its influence felt. We ought to go to Him early and regularly each day and uplift our minds and open our hearts unto His life, quietly and receivingly. Let us try not so much to make importunate prayers of petition to God, but rather simply a listening silence before God.

Your definite petition to God will certainly bring you things, but your living stillness before God will change your feelings toward God and toward men, and when you leave your stillness and go out to your life again, you will feel differently toward men. The reason so many people do not feel right toward their friends and neighbours is because they have permitted their feelings toward God to become wrong, and they should return to God and ask Him to alter the way they feel toward Him.

St. Paul put this in a beautiful sentence when he said, "God has shed abroad in our hearts His love through His holy Spirit." There is a deep understanding of God and a clear reading of life in that wonderful statement.

The world of today and the life of the Church is not happy, confident and free. It lacks something beautiful and desirable. In short, it lacks radiance. It lacks that quality which Jesus had and which He

has imparted in a measure to everyone since, who has come to love Him. It is a certain quality that gets into one's acts, gives a tone to one's words, and a look to one's face, which lead people to look beyond the man and hear the echo of Another who has spoken to him before he met and touched their lives.

Let us see if we cannot cultivate an enthusiasm about living the radiant life. It is certain to give us better leadership, increasing our influence and helpfulness among others. On the other hand, if we ignore it, we are just as certain to become bereft of the power which makes us a comfort to others, and which brings peace and satisfaction to our own lives.

V

ACHIEVING RADIANCE

WE have been speaking of radiance, how it changes and affects and helps daily life; of how the sunlight glorifies and even moonlight and starlight make the night beautiful—"night unto night showeth wisdom"—and also how this light comes to us reflected from countless objects all around us, by a system of vibrations that gives us all the colours of the rainbow.

But we are also sure that God's spiritual light and life come to us from the infinite centre of His love, that it is received directly and reflected and is passed on to others. For God is not known by argument and demonstration, or disclosed by the microscope, but is known by our life receiving His life, by adjusting our whole personal world so that He may come to us. This is what we call faith.

Somewhere within or around us, there is this beautiful, mysterious and marvellous force or presence which we call God, and which may be truly known and can change our sadness into joy, our dullness into interest, our evil into good and our fear into confidence and joy. This is just as true, just as possible of realization as the radiance of daily life is possible by receiving the light of the sun and by its due re-

flection in lovely effects all around us, in the wonderful results of colour. Twenty years ago, men did not imagine that in a simple, mysterious ray of sunlight there was hidden such a remedial force that would give hope of recovery to a tuberculosis patient. But it has now become known. So it must become known that there is a beautiful influence streaming forth from rays of God's life, enveloping us, falling around us, marvellous help for our sadness, despair, sordidness and fear, and even for our ill-health. For God holds the secret alike of our peace and our health.

We are not receiving and using God as we should, not transmitting Him, not laying hold of His life and light and reflecting it on to other life around us. It may be that we have institutionalized, organized and ceremonialized God, and possibly have gone as far Godward as we can by these means, but we are not likely to advance beyond where we are until we lay hold of His radiance and obey the working principle of all radiance.

We call this beautiful life of God "radiance," because His life and presence in and through our life puts a power into it, a charm, a touch of loveliness, gives it a penetration, an intensity that none but the wilfully bad and blind can resist, and even these will not be able to deny it.

Think of it! Here we have these wonderful lives and bodies of ours, but we pamper and indulge them, we neglect and misuse them, many of us remaining sickly or weak, many confused and utterly undone

inwardly, all of us astray, doubting the reality even of any such thing as perfect love anywhere near, and certainly unable to see any such thing as divine guidance through life. And yet these very bodies suggest something of the love of God. If we were full of the consciousness of the love of God, there ought to be in our minds no doubt of being able to intensify our influence toward others, and realize for ourselves greater harmony and freedom.

Here are these voices of ours, for instance, sometimes strident and harsh, often bitter and sharp, or sad, dismal and despairing. Yet the human voice is the most marvellous musical instrument in the world. No man-made instrument equals it, endless in its vibrant sympathy, capable of melting the heart and touching the life of today with gladness and joy. But how badly we fail in its use! Notice the voices all about you in daily life, on the phone or radio, how few are sweet, clear-toned and pleasing? The reason ought not to be hard to find—the tone of the soul gives tone to the voice. The soul makes the voice. In the one you may look for the other.

If the soul is full of cheerfulness, peace and confidence, your voice will show it, and if it is bitter, false, fearful and sad, the voice will make it known. The most wonderful thing about it is its revelation of the tone of the soul and the reflected tone of the voice caught from the soul.

Then there is the human eye and face. Power and influence pour forth from our eyes and face. We ought to bear in mind that the way we look upon

things within, the way we think of God and people, forms itself into a certain result that we call one's "outlook." And it is not always something received by a process of reasoning, but rather a certain feeling about things that you have. You have gotten into the habit, possibly, of feeling that everyone dislikes you, that no one cares for you, or that you have been treated unjustly. These are urges within that give a certain tone or quality to your outlook, and when you look at people as they gaze into your eyes or your face, they will feel that you don't believe in them or like them, and so they come to an unfair conclusion about you. There will be no radiance in the eye or face, and God made them as windows through which His light might shine.

Jesus' voice must have been very beautiful. Twice we read that He "spoke with a loud voice"—one occasion being when He raised Lazarus from the dead, the other when He was on the Cross. But it must have been with a great voice also, that He calmed the sea and with a word of great command said, "Peace, be still."

We believe, however, that the usual voice of Jesus must have been a quiet, natural, conversational tone. Something intimates to us that when He called Himself the Good Shepherd it must have been to remind us of the great calling voice of God. The Good Shepherd quality is to be found in the fact that He is the voice eternal, inviting, beseeching, appealing and pleading. The shepherd loves his sheep and leads and feeds and protects them, but the one thing

above all others is that he calls to them. So the Master calls, over land, o'er mountain crag and dark valley, and then more quietly, by a word or tone, to the sheep near by. Our God is a calling voice. We ourselves must try to let some of God's feeling about people and life, about pain and sorrow, come out in our voice, and it can be true that God's tone can call to men through our voice.

Jesus' eyes were an interesting fact in the story of the Gospels. Meagre as the account is, the writers almost all refer to some look or glance which reached hearts and minds around Him. His eyes must have been interesting, flashing, eloquent and marvellously expressive of the infinite soul within. We have glimpses here and there which make us eager for more. We recall the memorable night, of course, of His trial, when He looked on Peter as the latter stood by the fire down in the courtyard in the early morning and denied his Lord, while the Master was ascending the stairs perhaps just above, passing on to the trial scene. We all recall Mrs. Browning's memorable lines, which touchingly repaint this scene:

"The Saviour looked on Peter. Aye, no word,
No gesture of reproach; the Heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way; the forsaken Lord
Looked only on the traitor."

There, too, is the instance of the woman taken in adultery, when we read that Jesus looked round about Him and said, "Where are thine accusers?" He swept the crowd with a flashing glance of His eyes,

and we catch a gleam and a glimpse of how those eyes must have appeared. On the shores of the Lake of Galilee, just after the Resurrection, we see Him again in a memorable and beautiful scene. He is standing by the fire that He had made, the disciples are coming shoreward from their boat, they eat their meal and then follows the conversation. Turning to Peter, perhaps beckoning to him and intimating that He wanted a closer communication, an intimate personal word with him. And so He said, " Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee." All of it penetrating, thrilling, quaint and never to be forgotten. Yet we believe that one thing that made that talk the heart-melting, soul-moving talk that it was, must have been the marvellous glowing appeal that came to Peter from the eyes of God, that held him, loved him and searched him through.

We believe that God wishes to get hold of and use these faculties, capacities and facts of our bodies and personalities. He yearns to transmit and transmute His messages and influences through the tones of the voice, the glance of the eye, the whole expression of the face, and the step and swing of the body. What we are trying to describe as radiant living is such an adjustment to God's life and presence of health of body, look and tone of voice, that His light and life and love may move forth through us toward others.

The sense of God's love in the soul, His peace, His abiding presence in the heart, His calm and serenity ruling all and holding sway in our world within, will make all this felt, known and seen, for it will touch

others, brighten their lives and uplift their hearts through their tone and appeal. If we believe this, if we venture to become interested in it, we will become awakened to the possibilities of the radiant life.

We do not think that Christian people are without God, or do not believe in Him. That is not the problem, but rather that God does not seem to have hold of them, does not go forth from them, is not expressed. Their lives do not utter and reflect Him. So many of us are desiring the help of God and yet declining to obey the principle of radiance. God's life must be radiated from us in tone, look and touch, or else faith will become dubious, hesitating, overclouded and sad. It is not mere divine light and life we need, but more humanizing radiance.

Look about you and notice some plain facts today. We live in a very radiant world, brilliant, alluring, glittering and one that is indescribably interesting. All around us the movements and equipment and objects of modern life show us a world that wears a radiant face, but the inner life of the people themselves is dark, hopeless and sad, the contradiction of all radiance. Beautiful, energetic and fascinating without, but giving you the sense of defeat, depression and doubt within.

For the first time in the life of the world, beauty is a commercial asset, and an object of trade, to be sold, must be attractive. The house must be attractive to the eye, the package must be deftly tied, the window must be meticulously and charmingly displayed, the book must be fascinatingly bound and,

of course, the suit or dress must show an ingenious combination of colour and texture and fit. The very air we breathe has become vibrant and thrilling with voices that interest and please. There is a glance and a flash, a gleam and a lure that is felt everywhere. It is all done with a purpose, we know; it is to make money, get profits and increase revenue, we know that, but, nevertheless, it is done.

But while the outside of things has become more radiant and beautiful, human hearts and lives have become sad, lusterless and dark. Most faces you see are anxious and drawn, and many are hard and grim. Listen to the note in the human voices all around you; they are tense, abrupt, rough, and often many are angry and bitter, touched with vibrant trouble or muffled despair. Things themselves are radiant, but hearts are sombre and dull, all because they inwardly feel no gleam of joy, no throb of gladness. The inward man wears no garment of praise, no face of beauty and no peace looks out upon the outward world from the man within. Rich in possessions as never before, the world of today walks with heavy step and with no inward thrill that One has bought and saved and made it alive forever. What a terrible thing to have a fortune in furniture, clothing and machines, and poverty in the heart; to live in mansions, but dress the spirit in rags of despair, and make the heart sing, "I don't know, I don't care, and I am going to get my own."

Yet, all the while, God wishes to do for our lives what the genius of commerce does for our streets,

parks, and homes, our clothing and finery and tools. He wishes to glorify the mind with clearness, calmness and quiet, for that always gives the mind joy and power. He wishes to gladden the heart with the sense of thankfulness, love and joy, for the wonderland of human life. He wishes to break the shackles of fear from the soul, and drive away anxiety, foreboding and defeat. He yearns to overcome sickness, pain and disease, and not only make people well, but keep them well, who will soon become sick if they persist in carrying a sickly outlook on God and human life.

We seem to have reversed things so badly. We seem to have neglected, forgotten or ignored God, and taken the world that He has made and the body that He has fashioned, and glorified these creations of His that are for a day, and dressed the spirit in the tattered raiment of defeat and despair. We have capitalized life and existence for commercial gain and greed, and substituted the radiance of trade and comfort for the radiance within, which means victory over life and time.

"O Patient Christ! when long ago,
O'er old Judæa's rugged hills,
Thy willing feet went to and fro
To find and comfort human ills,
Did once Thy tender, earnest eyes
Look down the solemn centuries
And see today the smallness of our lives."

VI

RADIANT FOR CHRIST

JESUS said He was the Light of the world. He must have meant it. Follow all light back to its source, the light of the soul, of the mind, of character, trail it back and it will lead to Him. He told His followers that union with Him would fill them with His light. He commanded them to "Let your light so shine." We must do so.

The prophets, and the Psalmist, too, declared that God was like the sun, luminous, brilliant, glowing. Moses' face shone with reflected glory after he had been with God on Sinai. Jesus' very garments "shone as no fuller on earth could white them," after He had met with God on the Mount of Transfiguration.

Something seems to be the matter with us, today. We don't see many of these wonderful effects. There is an absence of light in our lives, a lack of the sunlight of God's power and peace and joy. Too few faces are radiant with any eternal reflection.

After two thousand years of Christianity, the money for the year's Church activities is hard to raise, communicant increase lags, the world-call of evangelism leaves us cold, our best men are not entering the ministry, a leading article in one of your magazines reads, "The Vanishing Clergy," real enthusiasm for

the Person of Christ is rare, and many of our pews are vacant.

Yet when God moves upon His physical world, it responds instantly and thrillingly, and the world becomes daily luminous with dawn. When He breaks upon a frozen and barren earth in the early spring time, it is everywhere covered with a glorious and fragrant mantle of flowers. All nature is a gallery of beauty, a temple of praise. Every bird-song is a lyric, lake and sea and stream flash and ripple and gleam, and the surf roars an anthem of praise. But we are not so.

Everywhere something shines, sings, gleams. Everywhere—radiance! The sun glows in the heavens by day and the moon and stars make lovely the night, and they are "glorious" outwardly because there is so much of it within that it has to break out. The Yellowstone geysers burst forth with mysterious and fascinating power because the supply within is so vast. Handel's *Messiah* is a splendour of melody because it breaks forth from a soul enthralled with the sense of God. Hold a rose up and note the exquisite fragrance so endlessly delightful! It is because it is poured forth from an inexhaustible source of delicate aroma within. The roar of the surf is majestic, because it comes from measureless and mysterious depths and breadths of sea.

"While the great world goes its way,
I watch its wonder all the day.
All the night my spirit sings
For the loveliness of things."

Yet all this glory of colour, music, beauty and brightness, vibrating in all things and everywhere reflected from thousands of surfaces, is poor and tame compared with the melody and beauty and charm that can break forth from our lives and acts, our faces and voices, when we have given our hearts up to the love of Christ.

Amid all the chorus, only our hearts are silent, and amid all this beauty and glory showing forth the splendour of God, only our voices despair and our faces are dark and sad. Yet it is only our hearts that can know God, His love and presence and care. Only this one thing seems to have failed God and closed its doors against the presence of His beauty, and yet it is the greatest of all the things that He has made. It is over the heart that God has brooded longest, for which He has yearned with all His infinite love and to which He has given His best and His all. Blindness to this miracle of miracles brings darkness, sadness, failure.

We need to know the power and wonder of three great words, today, and the truths which they express —looking, longing, loving.

We do not take the time to look at Christ—to look quietly, intently at Him. We are not absorbingly interested, not fascinated. Concentration upon Him thus is a lost art. We are deeply troubled about business, we find it hard to live, we are greatly disturbed about our homes and our children, and most of us are sick or ailing in body and health, it is a hard fight for everyone. The average mind is con-

fused and the heart is distracted, and life has no glory and gladness, and we do not feel that Christ can do anything about our business and homes and health and joy, and we fail indeed to see that He has any connection with them. Yet He alone has the whole answer—He *is* the answer!

We do not long to do and say and think just what He asks and just because He asks it, and because there is and can be no better way. We lack the sense of thrill for Christ!

It was the thrill of leadership that made the Roman soldier with his one short sword the great conqueror that he was. It was passion for the Emperor that made the armies of Napoleon masters of the world at that time. It made the army of Lee the greatest fighting unit of modern time, according to Sir Frederick Maurice. It carried Francis Xavier like a flaming torch among Japanese pagans and Chinese pirates. It made Hudson Stuck say once, when travelling by sled near the Arctic Circle, with the wind blowing a gale and the thermometer fifty-seven below, "This is the greatest day of my life!"

We have no thrill for Christ, because we see and feel no glory in Christ. He doesn't amaze us. "Church services don't seem to mean much to me any more," said a layman, recently. "I really don't care for preaching, even good preaching," said another.

We do not love Him with burning, flaming hearts. We do not love to be near Him, to read what He said or what is said about Him, or to do things for

Him. We haven't time to sit and lovingly teach a class about His life, and we forget that it is the greatest work we can do.

We only love what we will risk something for, what we will get hurt for. We don't love Christ now—we *like* Him! We actually suppose that we can tell that story of a life beaten, scourged and crucified, and not get hurt at it. We imagine that a life that cost Him all to live, we can report and proclaim and not get injured. It cannot be told by men who merely "like" Him, but by men who "love" Him, by men who are aflame for Him and, because aflame, do not mind being hurt. This is the change that must come over the Church before she can become the Church of the evangelists. As Angelo Morgan sings:

"Waken, O world, if you would glimpse
The wonder of God's great primal plan;
Open, O ears, if you would hear the thunder
Hurled from heights to man.
How long shall Christ's high message be rejected,
Two thousand years have passed since it was told;
Must One again be born and resurrected
Ere man shall grasp the secret, ages old?"

The world has gone mad with getting! We have made more things, amassed more wealth, invented more machines than any generation that ever lived. Passionate getting cools down passionate loving and giving. The atmosphere of the time is against it. We have lost some of our love for Him who gave all, in our passionate rush to get all!

Dante's face was hung with sombre clouds of gloom

after he had long contemplated the lot of the lost in hell, and the power of that lone face and figure on the world's imagination since has been tremendous.

But the face of Teresa was wreathed with beauty and charming gladness after her long contemplation of God, and she swept the world her way, building over thirty great religious houses, making the Pope to listen to her pleading and a Spanish king to do what she asked, and has compelled the attention of the religious world for fourteen hundred years.

It has always been dark when these human flames for Christ blazed and burned. It has always been a bad time, an indifferent age, a preoccupied world, when these torches for Christ flamed out. They carried light and fire to their age, they did not derive it from their age. You will never become radiant for Christ, luminous for Him, glowing with Him, by being atune with the life of your day. You must get that, catch that from Him, His light, His torch! How near is He to you, how much does He mean? That's the whole sum of the matter!

Let us permit Him to break forth from us, to utter Himself through the whole of our life. Let us say and do things for Him like the mocking-bird sings, his whole body vibrating with his song and never tiring of it. Let us be like the sea, feeling a tide, a throb from God, beating and pushing itself through all the waves of life. Let us be like the Cana Light up on the Michigan Coast. We were up there once, and seeing the lighthouse was dark, we asked why? "Something's wrong with the works down below," the

keeper answered. "It takes the whole of this lighthouse to make that light burn bright up there." In like fashion, it takes the whole of a life—a life working right—to make its light to burn aright and shine out before men.

From within, outward—from the deeps within, outward, into the shallows of the world! Shining through us, singing through us, living through us—radiant light!

VII

THE FLAME OF HIS LOVE

THE love of God is a flame, warm, bright and glowing; you can see its effects, feel its heat. It illuminates and penetrates all life, just as a flame of fire.

Faith is like a hand that grips and holds. It gives you the power to ascend the ladder of hardship and steadies and sustains you as you move over the road of life. There is no spiritual life and progress without faith. It is motive power for the way and we must have it. There is also something like vision in all faith, so that we see things that are invisible and know them to be realities. It is a kind of sixth sense.

We need both faith in God and love of God, for they live and move together, but it is a fact that the faith of many has never broken into flame, the flame of love. Think of it for a moment. Suppose you were walking along a familiar road somewhere, much of it well-known, the trees and flowers here and there along the side, the curves and windings of its course, the dips and risings changing now and then as it winds its way along. At last, in the distance, you notice a strange figure approaching, very distinct and real against the skyline, and yet not clear enough to enable

you to know who it was, whither he was going and what he wanted.

An impulse made you quicken your step and you wondered who he was, and then you noticed that he moved more quickly toward you. At last he met you and you were amazed at what he said. He told you he had really been seeking you many years, and that he had a message for you, telling you that you had come into possession of a large sum of money. "Moreover," said he, "I will walk with you," and changed his plan and moved on in your company. He told you also that he had a secret, which if you would accept and use, you would find your body stronger, your health better, your step light and elastic, that it would give peace to your heart and greatness and joy to your mind. You then went to the end of the road, charmed and delighted at finding such a friend, and at the end of the road he told you there was no end, but that you would move on with him forever.

What a wonderful adventure that would be! Yet it has happened thousands of times, and can happen to any of you now if you will say the word that will make it so.

For we are all moving down the road of life, the rough, brown road of human life. It is well known to us all, its winding curves, its rise and fall, weeds are here and there, and flowers, too. Fellow-travellers are tramping along with us, some tired and dust-covered, like ourselves, some grown old in the way, some hurt and limping and some sick in mind and heart, and some, nearing the end, begin to wonder if

there is anything beyond, or if the old brown road is worth while.

But, now and then, we have become aware of something that has made us feel that Someone was coming down the road towards us—a vague feeling, but one that could not be shaken off. Occasionally, too, we were hurt and overcome and fell by the way, and then we had the feeling of Someone coming up from behind and catching us ere we fell, and of our going on, surprised to feel ourselves stronger. This is the road of life, the old brown road that all of us know, and this is the way God meets us, finds us, draws us to Him and loves us to the end.

Fra Angelico was right when he painted his picture of Jesus and made Him a pilgrim moving up and down the rough, brown road of life. Spinoza also was right when he said "man is incurably religious." And Wordsworth was right, in those great and uplifting lines of his:

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
The round ocean and the living air,
The blue sky and in the mind of man;
A motive and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

When we yield to the impulse to move on and come into contact with this Traveller, we thus meet God, and when we do, we believe. Belief is touching God and moving forward with Him, but we should try to

get so close to this Stranger that He will no more be strange, but be the most wonderful Friend we ever knew. Then that interest should be allowed to quicken into enthusiasm, be touched with flame and travel on to the end, happier in heart, stronger in limb, and clearer in vision, for, as Whittier sang:

"Warm, sweet, tender, yet
A present Help is He,
And love has still its Olivet,
And faith its Galilee."

Then, to know life and not to know God is strange and sad, for it is like living in a beautiful house and never wishing to meet the host. God is the Host of the house of life. But to become acquainted with God and then never give yourself time to love Him is like meeting the host and impatiently running off to attend to some personal interest.

The Unseen Host who has filled life's mysterious house with beauty and plenty is so unlike human hosts that He even allows us to use all He has, though we are so forgetful of Him. He will never obtrude, however, and wishes you to ask, inquire and seek, and will not come unless you do.

We were once interested in building churches, houses of brick and stone and mortar, and such building must go on, for it is necessary. But we find ourselves now more interested in building men, setting faith within where once was doubt, and making hope to burn and love to sway, where once was despair and hardness of heart.

We must be made acquainted with truths and ideals and convictions, with beautiful voices and visions that come to us if we can be taught to hear even as we can train the ear of the child for music and quicken the sense of tone by a teacher sitting at her side. For there is a man within every man, back of his words, his looks and his deeds, and he can be made from day to day. When we recognize this Stranger on the road, we find that He is able to build for us this life within.

But our problem, today, in our churches, is how we may take these people who are slightly aware of God and so touch them, penetrate them, as to make them love God. Can we take the substance called faith and turn it into flame?

Mere words spoken to another cannot carry to them the love of God, for love is something that must be caught, it is a contagion. It is like electricity, a wire is needed and connection with a source must be had. It is like perfume, just a drop gives a lovely fragrance, but fabric must touch fabric. Paul said love was a fragrance—" a sweet savour of Christ."

There is something warm, glowing, kindling in one who loves God, something satisfying and clinging. We do not wish to leave such a one, the warmth even of a fire makes us feel like sitting down and staying. So when we love God, people like to be with us and remain, unless they are wicked and foolish. We feel as if we could never become weary of one who truly loves God, and that we would like ever to be doing something for him, and when some terrible thing

happens, we find ourselves thinking at once of this person—of his sweet face, his gentle tone, his kind, brave, strong hand.

What a pity it is—what a loss to our common life—that every one of us cannot have many such friends upon whom we can call in dark hours. But this is what God would like to be to us if we would let Him, and this too is the way every man should feel toward God. He is One that is near us, sensitive, alive to each failure, taking infinite pains to listen, and able to touch heavy hearts and make them leap with gladness. You may be sure of God, but you ought also to be happy in God and, because of God, delighted and at peace. But this joy will not come, unless conviction be touched with flame.

We have always been interested in camping, and the central thing of interest in camping, its fascination and cheer, is the making of the campfire—and what skill there is to it! The dusk of twilight settles down like a mantle and night and its mystery comes on apace. You gather the wood and select your place, cut the shavings and touch a match to a splinter of pine. The flame of it lights another, and then piece after piece catches fire, until all of it is a roaring blaze. Then you wait till it dies down, for a fierce flame cannot be used, and at last it subdues itself into a steady and lasting glow—soft, quiet, golden, the fuel above, the embers beneath.

That is like the love of God, that has come into the human heart and kindled therein an eternal campfire, that will never die. It is Christ's own work. Others

built, sculptured, painted, sang, conquered, but Jesus has entered the plains of the heart, and as night fell upon us, here and there, has built in us a deathless, glowing flame. Gathering some little thought, impulse, desire, much as a traveller gathers his sticks, He then touched it with fire, and it was *His* fire. Love must be conveyed, felt and caught; it is a flame, an ember, a fire; it is of God. God only can touch a human heart and move it to love Him; it must be His breath and touch and spark.

You cannot prove God, and let us be thankful that you cannot. That would leave out a vast multitude, for not many can reason, prove and convince. Not much would ever come to the Esquimaux in Alaska, or the negro on the Congo, or to your little child and mine, for that matter, were God known only by proof. God is conveyed, life touching life, which must be caught from His love; and if you do not press on deeply, patiently to love God, you will not know Him. So to learn to do this, is why we are here at all.

Here are two little splinters of wood, one lighted, one not; I touch one to the other and the blaze catches. That is the way, the simple way, in which the love of Christ has travelled over the world. The Lord of glory came down from heaven and brought fire with Him, for God is fire—light, warmth, blaze—and He touched one life after another with word, hand, and act, and every life so touched blazed, and the flame of these lives which answered to His touch, has lighted the world.

Think of Paul, what a blaze he was, and yet you would never have heard of him had not Christ touched his heart. Think of Francis, the gay, charming, reckless young Italian spendthrift. Christ touched his heart and he flamed with brightness, and so shone for a great host of others.

I must bring together in my heart one little thing after another—a little prayer-impulse, an idea of God, a desire to know Him, and so forth. I must kneel and ask God, who is my fire, to kindle these things into a living flame for Him.

There are too many people in the Church, today, accepting *some* things about Christ, believing in Christ in a certain kind of way, but not allowing it to cost them too much, or to disturb and interrupt their lives in other directions. Such a belief is doomed to failure and eclipse. It needs flame; it needs to be lifted to heights of love.

The love of God is quiet, silent, voiceless. That, perhaps, is why we cannot hear it. God is silent because divine love is silent. Love of a kind like yours and mine, speaks and utters itself, but even your love and mine, when tense, vast and immense; when it consumes and sways and burns; when we cannot give it expression; when it is silent, voiceless—then, it is like God's!

When a mother has a child who deeply disappoints and pains her, and the name is mentioned, she is speechless. When a father knows some terrible thing has overtaken a child and the news is broken to him, he says nothing, he is just silent, looks at you, dumb,

speechless and smitten. Love, pure love, is silent, and God's love was silent from far eternity. But when God got ready to tell men of His love, He sent His Son to carry the message and the reality of love itself to mankind. And the Son tried to tell men the story in parables, and tales, and deeds of wonder. But they became weary of it all, and became impatient with what they saw would be the cost to human pride of loving and living the love of God. So they determined to destroy the Son, and thought they had.

They hung Him on the Cross, and in and through it all, even to the end, He was virtually silent. The long, marvellous story of the sufferings and death of Jesus is largely a scene of silence, broken but here and there. On the Cross, it was all silence manward; nothing was said to men *there;* and was nearly silent Godward, saving only the Seven Words.

But that voice of the silent love of God in the death of Christ, moves a new world and a new life for you and me. It soars above the clamour of the time and the prattle of the street and crashes against our foolish noise and rush, with a force louder than that of an Atlantic storm.

VIII

THE SPLENDOUR OF GOD

MANY of us have heard the charming story of the old Scotch shepherd whose habit it was to go out to the top of a hill, behind his cottage, and after standing there silent for a few moments, take off his bonnet and remain bareheaded, looking in speechless interest at the sky and hills and fields. One day some one asked him why he did it? "Because I like to go out the first thing in the morning, and take off my bonnet to the beauty of the world," he replied.

Probably you have read some account of the new lens, recently made for the telescope to be erected on Mount Wilson, California, the largest in the world. It has a power several thousand times stronger than the one that is now there, which means, that if you direct that present telescope at the farthest star anywhere in the firmament, this new telescope can magnify it several thousand times; or, can find another as far away as that which is seen at present! All this is wonderfully fascinating and makes interesting reading for multitudes of people, and will do a great deal of practical good. But the *real* fascination about this story is not in the magnitude of that lens, but in the undying interest that man has in looking into endless, measureless

areas—peering, examining, searching for distant and still more distant fields of space. For man is expanding his capacities, schooling his faculties that he may at last look upon the inexpressible, unutterable splendour of God.

Isaiah says the coming Deliverer will be magnificent, and then lets fall, like so many ponderous weights, these words of immensity, which awe and solemnize one through and through—"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." One is on the way, that has tremendous properties—lofty, spacious, vast, mysterious, beautiful, and bringing peace.

Everyone, today, believes in God, but no one takes much interest in Him. There's a great deal of religious curiosity, but not much interest in knowing the mind of God. Everyone believes there is an originator, a maker of the house of life, a builder of the world, a cause, a beginner. Everyone feels that, but not many are impressed by Him, not many are willing to think very earnestly about Him, are not moved, stirred, or thrilled by Him in any way. They don't change their way of living, don't walk any faster, don't stop doing some of the things they are doing. There is no emotion in the process, and when we lack that, we do nothing.

We ought to *feel* these words of Isaiah—"Wonderful," "Counsellor," "the Mighty God"—words that *do* something to you, when you say them; they lift your chin, and raise your face when they are

uttered, because they make the heart beat faster, and put a new feeling into the soul. God is magnificent, but we do not feel it. Yet we should.

There are three things, qualities or marks, suggested by splendour. It makes you feel or think of something surpassingly beautiful—something extraordinarily attractive, hard to resist and delightful to dwell upon. It makes you think also of something immense—something the measurements of which are tremendous, like the breadth of the sea, or the blue vault of the heavens, or the long procession of the centuries of history. Then it suggests something very good—something one would like to have, that one is drawn to, and which you know would be very satisfying to be in contact with.

God has splendour! He is beautiful, immense, good, attractive, interesting, and something like this was in this writer's mind when he described God in this way. Think of all the beauty of the world, and how much there is that no one has ever seen; its wealth, plenitude, variety and delicacy; all the lovely sights and delicate sounds and musical murmurings; the sky by day, the moon and stars and the dim mystery of night—an infinity of splendour and vastness and beauty.

And when you turn to smaller things and move in lesser paths the glory of it all deepens—the exquisite delicacy of a rose's petal, the painted throat of a morning-glory, the bolder glory of a rhododendron, the finer loveliness of a gentian, the thrill in the song of a bird. We are too busy with our drudgery and

work to pause before these daily wonders, this pageant of delight, so royal and rich, so measureless and prodigal in earth and sea and sky and air.

You ought to take time and stop before the evening comes, when driving in the country and nearing a hill-top, and notice "the painting of a summer day, when it may seem for a moment as if the West were one vast, beautiful boiling mass of gold and long splashes of purple were flashing into the farthest East and the whole field of the sky were one vast, lovely and changing transfiguration, which the eye in vain tried to follow."

Who did all that? Out of what glorified depths did it come? What fingers pencilled all that loveliness? Surely, it came from somewhere, from some Mind! Surely, some Mind thought what your mind understands and some Heart felt, in the making of it, what yours feels in the beholding of it. Surely, that much is true!

"So the heart
Sometimes is near to bursting with its love for Thee,
For Thee who made all lovely things that are,
The star in heaven, the flower in the grass,
The dewy morning in a garden, webs
Of spider artisans, and wavering fish
In the deep hollowed spring, so calm and cool,
The sun's uprising, and the slow advance
Of genial day, the reddening of fruits.
Life and its comforts, and the joys of love—
For these and countless things, the heart is laden
With love of Thee." *

* Louise Morgan Sill.

But think of all this again—the mystic charm of the flowers, the procession of the seasons, the music of nature, and try to sense it as a whole. Do you not feel as if Someone were pushing His way through it all, pressing silently upon you by hint, thrust and indirection, so that you might be won, drawn, stirred and made expectant?

God's splendour is not like ours. Our splendour and magnificence is a parade, a show. We want people to see us—our face, our voice and hand. We *must* draw attention to ourselves until, finally, what we have and wear is merged in concentrated interest upon our persons. We like to wear our finery like Marie Antoinette wore her royal robes and jewels, not to delight people, but to absorb their gaze upon herself.

But God fills the world with this wealth of magnificence, this flood of beauty, and hides His presence, veils His hand. He does all that and says, "Enjoy it, revel in it, yours it is!" All about us a bewildering glory and Himself, the loveliest of all, just a still small Voice, just a wind that "bloweth where it listeth," just a path of light to make it easier for our feet to walk, hiding behind the veil of events, veiled in the stream of a human personality, behind the silken meshes of our human life.

On the hill of Calvary, brutal voices once exclaimed, "Let Him come down from the Cross if He be the Son of God." Standing before just as great a presence today, we too echo that coarse demand, "If God be God, let Him step out and show Himself." That

may be the language of the prize-ring, but it is not the language of eternity. In the face of it all, God remains silent—waiting, waiting, waiting, as He has for a million years and may do so for a million more. And He can afford to wait, for He will never hurry, knowing that He can never help a man until the man turns, comes, listens, and desires.

Yes, this vast universe, with its marvel and beauty, its endless power, its unguessed resources, all of it utters God, voices His wisdom, His light and power. But that is not the real magnificence, the real glory and splendour of God. The real splendour was seen when He came as a helpless babe, born of a Virgin, voiceless, dependent, clinging, and yet—God!

God could utter part of Himself in other ways, but He could not utter the whole of Himself, except through man, and it is still impossible for God to utter Himself, save through us. He wanted to make us realize how He felt and thought, how He spoke and reasoned and saw into things; how He faced the problems, sorrows and burdens of life, how He looked back on the past and forward to the future and above all, how He was to die and pass through death. God wanted us to see that, and to do so He had to become a child.

So He became a little helpless child, and then a boy, a youth, a man, going all over the long story of human growth again so that we might see how afterwards to become better children and better men. He poured His life into the channels of man's life, and in consequence we are more divine than human today.

He did this because He loved us, and you can never know God unless you love Him.

You can never show men how much you love them by doing beautiful things, by painting great sunsets and growing lovely flowers, and merely giving them things. Love is seen when you give up something for some one else. When some one lays something to one side, subtracts it from himself in order to reach another, when you give yourself, then love is seen.

God laid aside His skill in filling the world with music and decorating the fields with flowers and tinting the mountains with purple. He parted company, for the time, with all that, laid it aside as a man would lay aside a beautiful robe, in order that He might become just as one of us and then be seen as having made Himself human, and thereby He made us divine. Bear in mind that the reason Jesus was crucified was that He dared to declare that we were divine—" Greater things than these shall you do "—" That we all may be one with Thee."

We have caught something of all this, and the best of us do think of God as He did, we do try more and more to feel toward one another as He felt, we believe that forgiveness, and not hate, faith and not doubt, patience and not abruptness, are qualities we should strive for. We have caught a little of it, just a little. His faith in us has not all been in vain. We are on the way, we are facing what is right.

Is it more splendid to have painted an evening sunset, or the cup of a morning-glory, than to have

begun to remake a whole race of human beings? I ask you, is it? Is it more beautiful to tint the petal of a rose-bud than to change unthankful and hating hearts into grateful and loving ones? I ask you again, is it?

All the beauty of God in nature, all the power of God in earthquake and storm, all the wisdom of God in the making of planets and stars, and all the mystery of God pulsing in the world of daily life about us today, come to a point, rise into personal expression, become definitely historical in the birth of that little Child.

For if He succeeds, He will be able to raise up a race of men who will be able to understand and appreciate His skill in making the world, His power in moving tides and winds and seas, and His wisdom and goodness in creating men. For God wants some one or something through which He can manifest Himself. He yearns for response, fellowship, for beings who may be lifted finally to His own level and become Godlike. Loneliness and isolation and its unbearable distress, in some cases causing despair and insanity, is not a human experience only, nor a disagreeable accident of our human lot and condition. We abhor being alone and yearn for fellowship because it is deep-seated in the frame of God Himself. There is nothing of which we may be more sure than that God is drawing us to Himself, that He may be able to feel that joy in fellowship and glorify us as well.

Let us finally illustrate this matter of the splendour

and magnificence of God, for men's ideas of what magnificence is have changed and improved through the slow passing years.

A certain father, let us suppose, has a son, and he feels that he would like to do for him some wonderful thing, for he believes this boy worthy of his best and his all. So, as he grows up to manhood, he gives him an endless number of things. He bestows upon him a handsome wardrobe of clothing, that he may dress well and attractively; he builds him a beautiful home, in order that he may live in comfort and plenty; he places at his disposal the finest automobiles he can supply, and places him in a position of large influence, and opens for his use a splendid bank account. This has often been done, and done with the best intentions, in the case of some boys and girls, and you know with what results—generally they have ruined their children and saddened themselves.

But another father does differently. He teaches his boy how to use his body, how to think and believe and pray, tells him that he owes something to society, government and human life. He awakens within him the sense of God and shows him that to give is a wiser thing than to have and to get, that if he would be happy, he must live to make someone else happy. At last the boy is made over again. He is able to begin where his father left off, and his life becomes life plus the life of his father.

The first father made a spoiled man out of a self-indulged child, and a burden to others and a liabil-

ity to society. The second father made a servant of humanity, a helper of the world, a blessing to all men out of his boy.

God did something like that when He made Jesus to be born of a Virgin mother. He took the human race and showed it how to live and think and feel and act about everything. He gave it the right outlook upon God and life and labour, He showed the race how to grow from childhood to youth, and youth to manhood; how to face loneliness, opposition, hunger, thirst and weariness and, finally, how to face hatred, persecution and death, and made the soul of men to see that nothing need ever stop, discourage and defeat the mind and soul of one true to God and life.

Up to that time, God had said things to men, and they were wonderful things, too; up to that time, He had been giving them things, and they were lovely and beautiful things that He gave men. But men simply acted like spoiled children, they got the portion of food coming to them, and then wasted the heritage in riotous living.

Then God at last came Himself into a human body, took human hands and feet and voice and mind and showed how we were to wisely use what we had foolishly used before.

When God did that, He did the most magnificent thing the human mind can conceive. He did something amazing, wonderful, beautiful and immense, something that has about it—splendour!

In sending His Son Jesus Christ at the time He

did, and in the way that He did, God has changed our idea of splendour; and, now, the best of us feel that splendour pertains to what we are, rather than to what we have and wear; that, more and more, true splendour must catch and reflect His Spirit and quality, which is lovingkindness, simplicity and truth.

IX

PUSHING THROUGH TO GOD

WE need a fresh and vital realization of God today. Our way of thinking of spiritual things may fade and wither like flowers, and must be made to bloom again. God never changes, but our modes of thinking of Him and our words, expressing what we feel, do change.

We still need institutions, doctrines and ceremonies, and always will, but each of us must touch God in a living, personal way, or be broken on life's wheel. The doctrines may be true, and the best of them are true, but they are not God, they are only the vesture that clothes conviction.

We deeply need a living God who comes to our life in a living way, flushing us with His warmth, quieting us with His peace, and walking with us in the way like a dear companion. There are many on the street to whom God is a vague, remote "perhaps," or a dumb creative power to whom they cannot speak, and many, even in the Church, have lost the feeling that He is a controlling reality.

We would like to help open the doors of someone's deeper being to His life, and let in His coming upon the burnt fields of their disappointment. We should begin first of all with our life as it is and where it is,

and resolve to permit God to find us, rather than try to find Him. For we do not need so much to strive and fume and anxiously argue about the matter, as we do to let go and permit Him to find us and have His way. Equipment and adjustment are big factors in successfully doing anything, and what we have just said will help you to get ready on the inside.

Let us get interested then in the whole matter. If it is just something that you pick up now and then and twirl it like a string about a pencil, why bother about it at all? Be solidly, deeply concerned about it. For our feeling, attitude and outlook are important, often more important than our direct thinking. Therefore, ask yourself, would you like to believe if you could? Is it worth while, interesting, attractive? An awakened interest in a subject always gathers up the whole of life into a unity and enables one to concentrate, and it is a part of the process of believing in God.

Then look around you and notice, in the simplest way, the beautiful and amazing world in which you live, this strange and great house in which we abide for a time and then leave it, and leave all we ever had in it, which we use and partly understand. Its divinely painted skies, its lovely fields and streams, and the pageant of the seasons, and not forgetting the strange golden thread of unity binding all in one. Think of all that, let it get into you in some way. Take the time to do so. It has something to do with your believing in God, for you will soon realize that

there is something else around you other than yourself, Someone else other than yourself, who made it and owns both that and you.

But we are driving ahead so hard and furiously today, making a living or a fortune, or making just a noise, that we have lost the sense of wonder, awe and reverence, and have grown hard on the inside. So take a day off, an afternoon, or an hour or two sometime, linger along the road, loiter a little, look about you. Listen! It is wonderful to become a keen listener. Be simple, look up at the clouds, the sky, have a few flowers. Let the inside of you come out, and visit the outside. Rub your life against the body of the world in some way.

It has something to do with becoming acquainted in a living way with God, for if God Himself is life, then these things, notions, attitudes of yours, also being your life, you must mesh these things together in some way.

The world is God's house, and we do not say that doing these simple things we have just mentioned will make you believe in God, make you feel Him, make you find Him, but it will help to get you ready. It remains for you to do more than this.

It is greatly necessary for us to take time to become sensible to some of the mystery and beauty of the world, for those things are not only lovely in themselves, but through them God Himself is pushing His way over in your direction, as it were, pressing on toward you. Then you must put more effort into faith. You must come to realize that believing is not

so much an effort of your reasoning faculty, but such an effort as moves you to push to one side other things, activities, failures, preoccupations and all evil things—push them away, give your deeper self a chance, and something will emerge from you and through you. God is pushing His way to you with His whole love, and you must push your way to God, and push with your whole life, and drive through all opposition. Faith in God is not passive reverie, but it is pushing through things until a strange, deep energy is released in you.

If God is anything that is real, He is life and power and love, and you should seek Him, push through to Him as you generally do in seeking these realities in other connections in life. You don't make them, they come. You make it possible for them to come, but still they come.

We are living in an age when there is a strange, new interest in these great elemental forces. The force of the atom, the ultra-violet rays of the sun, and now comes the discovery by Prof. R. A. Milliken of the cosmic rays, more tremendous in energy than anything that has yet been discovered. We hardly know more about them as yet, than that they do exist. But enough is known to make us feel that in a short while a new power will be available for the blessing and relief of human life, health and economics. All these powers lie within call, within our reach and touch, but they are in the background of things seen.

Last summer we visited the great Norris Geyser

basin in Yellowstone Park, where there are two hundred geysers ranging from little jets of steam and gas a few inches high, to great giant geysers throwing up columns of gas and boiling water two hundred feet high. Mysterious and aweful things that thrill and awe you. Walking over the hot ground, you realize it is heated by vast volcanic fires raging at tremendous depths and issuing with clocklike regularity, immense forces, and it has gone on for thousands of years.

But back of the human mind today, there moves and throbs a like world of power, vaster than those mentioned, and which seems identified with the very life of God. Forces which we have not created and cannot, and which now and then break out and penetrate the whole of our lesser material life and which seems generally to bring blessing, peace and happiness, and which seem greatly to help human health.

We call this the unconscious mind, for want of a better name, though the name is a poor one. But it seems as if deep within us, lying back of and around the little sphere of our personal life, there is a whole world of beautiful powers ready to bring gracious healing to our lives. We believe this is the life of God, living, moving, pushing its way toward us. It emerges, just comes when we fall back upon it, when we let go and lovingly invite it to come forth. But we should push our way inward until we meet it. We may open the door, make the path, but it is not created. All of this must be understood as

being a part of that act that we call "believing in God."

The quiet words of Jesus take on a lovely gleam when this ray of light glances over them. "Abide in Me and I in you," He was once heard to say. We believe He said it many times. It was as if He had said, "Try to become quiet, compose yourself, stop getting all fussed up about things. Remember, you are at home, in the house of a marvellous Friend. Turn things over to Him. He knows." It was as if He had put it in that way.

But it will also help you if you try to feel right about people. Always Jesus reminded us that the way we make our human contact will help us when we make the divine contact. If we persist in feeling wrong about people, getting down on everything, denouncing everyone, a door within us seems to shut, and that which we know as God does not and will not come through, but seems to disappear. We lose a power that broadens and releases us from within and we remain shut up, closed and sealed.

Remember, if you condemn other people, they come back at you and condemn you—judge, and you will be judged. The only way to be interesting to others is to be interested in others. Charming people usually are generous, large-minded and unselfish people.

When Jesus spoke of God as light and water and wind, notice that He used figures of motion and activity, for these things not only move, but unless they do move, they cease to be what they are. They

are symbols or signs of God, telling us what He is like, what God does, our minds being incapable of thinking of God directly.

If, therefore, we would believe in God, if we would take hold of Him, we must do so with our whole life, since God is life, and we must stir into activity our whole interior world in order to do it, for all faith is active. We arouse our inward life into action by interest, attention and enthusiasm. Whatever deeply stirs one's interest, makes one keenly concerned, will put one's whole interior world into motion, and it is this condition that makes us disposed and prepared to take hold of God. Mere intellectual interest, therefore, of itself will not suffice; it is part of believing, but not all; the complete, deeply stirred interest of the whole life must be set into motion.

We sat talking to a taxi-driver a short time ago, coming back from a long ride we had to take, and both of us referred to the strange times through which we were passing. At length, he said, "You know, no one seems to care for any one else, today, like they used to; very few people are enthusiastic about other people now, and so many more than formerly are mad at others, and want to fight it out."

It was a significant remark, and made me think that even this cabman, somehow, had become aware of how much people were losing, because they are moving so fast, that they do not take time to try to feel right about God, and losing all right feeling toward God, they grow irritated and antagonistic toward men.

When we have begun to find God in our life, our whole life, in the simple way, becoming sensible of Him in ourselves, in all that goes on about us, we also find ourselves becoming somehow mysteriously happier and clearer-minded, and also physically healthier. This is because when we enter truly into God's life and then surrender more completely to His Spirit, we become free, and freedom tends to inward peace, which is essential to health.

We ought to see more clearly than we do the importance of worship in this work of building faith. When we go to church and breathe the atmosphere and absorb the subtle suggestions of the hour and the place, we submit ourselves to influences which richly help us in our effort to push our way toward God, for it softens, purges and uplifts and opens our inward ears and eyes to unseen reality.

One cannot overestimate the blessings that come to us in this way. The human spirit, all through the ages, has thus become gradually aware of God, sensitized and awakened to Him through witness and worship, and in spite of all her defects, the worship of the Church is doing this still.

Scripture tells also that believing is a work of the Holy Spirit. That is true, but always the interesting question is, How can we, on our human side, help this work of the Spirit, opening and preparing the way? A great deal can be done, and what we have just suggested is a part of this preparation and, of course, is not meant to be understood as something that takes the place of the Spirit's work.

Finally, it will greatly help us to think of God as Jesus did, using His words and forms of thought. We ought not to think of Him as King of kings and Lord of lords, although He is, only the imagery brings to our minds an Oriental monarch. Jesus said something different. He said God was a friend, and so He is, the only Friend, in reality, that we will ever have—all-sufficient, never far away, never forgetful—just a Friend, an eternal Friend. Jesus told people to think of Him in that way; "Call me friend," He said, and another word He often used was "Father," "My heavenly Father." How wonderfully He uttered it! And its echo has gone on rolling down the centuries, never to be forgotten—"My Father."

All of this tells you what He is trying to do for you and for me—He comes! You do not have to go after God, He comes after you. He comes! Do not let the baffling simplicity of it make you doubt it, as well it may. Push your way upward and forward unto God. Do it confidently, because, long ago, He began to push His way downward, earthward toward you.

He is like light, as we have said, light which comes with indescribable speed and unthinkable power, piercing through everything, until at last it falls shimmering over fields and roads and trees and flowers. He is like wind, the murmuring wind—the night-wind, that softly blew about the cottage where Nicodemus and Jesus were talking—"the wind that bloweth where it listeth"—the murmuring wind of the night, but not the cyclone or the hurricane.

God just will not come as we demand, He will not do as we may bid Him. We must let Him come in His own way, and receive Him when He does, and we will " believe " in Him when we do. It will bring a strange hush into the furious room of our life when He *does* come, and we will know the joy of having and knowing a living God, an eternal Friend, Jesus' Father—and ours!

X

THE CHRIST OF EXPERIENCE

WE have the Christ of the Creed, and it will always be necessary to have a creed, for it states spiritual facts or truths of universal experience, and of which we have been assured.

We also have the Christ of history, that marvellous story in the Gospels of His incarnate life in Galilee, long ago. We need every word of this story today more than we ever did before.

Then we have the Christ of ceremony and ritual, that is to say, the particular way in which we have been moved to think of Him and His influences through the environment and use of public worship. All this has greatly varied in various ages, and yet we must have some form of approach to God in worship, if we are to approach Him in the collective group of a congregation in prayer and praise.

We not only have these evidences and forms of Christian truth and life, but they are very dear to multitudes, and it may seem strange to many to hear that today there is an increasing number who are becoming weary of it; to whom it no longer makes the appeal and contribution that it once did, and who fail to find in it something eternal, satisfying, uplifting and helpful.

But such is the case; and in the issue of *The Outlook* for June 12, 1929, is the story of one of these sad experiences. The central figure is the son of an Episcopal clergyman, brought up in the Church, once fond of its beautiful worship, but who today has cast it off and no longer has any contact with it. It is a story of infinite pathos, yet there are many like it, in the Church today. We must observe what this man says. Our many vacant pews in all parts of the land are evidences of the fact that many are finding the forms of religious expression and organization no longer desirable.

This man had been brought up in a religious atmosphere, in the Christian home of a devout father, went to church regularly, sang in the choir, learned his catechism, deeply appreciated the harmony and teaching of the Christian year, went faithfully to Sunday school, sold missionary literature during Lent, to fill his little mite-box, and did all the other things he was told to do, and, as far as he could tell, did them well. He heard all about God, learned much about the soul, the facts of the life of Christ, and concerning spiritual things generally. He learned about these things, but, strange and sad to relate, no one ever talked to him about God, and it never seemed to have occurred to him that Christ was One with whom he had personally to do. He made contact with the externals of religion, but the presence of God, he was not taught to make personal contact with. He lived in the house, but was not told anything about how he was to meet the host of the house. He had the Christ

of the Creed, of the Gospel story, of ceremony, institution and organization. He had a contact, a share in the dress, the raiment, the vesture of the divine presence, but he had no experience of the presence, himself. Consequently, when the World War came and when terrible trouble assailed him, later it all came crashing upon him and bent him to the ground. Now he has given it all up—confident that there is no God, no soul, no spirit, and that they are merely pretty things and interesting theories.

We need Christ in our experience, and we need an experience of Christ today, as almost never before. Because this man was not awakened unto that fact, never knew that any such thing had any reality or that there was any need of it; the house of his spiritual life today is in ruin; and as we have said, we fear the number is increasing.

Your life has two aspects, an inward capacity and ability, a sense of need, a certain spirit, and an outward contact with an external world, which is its environment, setting and atmosphere. In a word, what you *are,* and what you *do*. Two aspects of one world and one life, the inward and the outward.

When we speak of experience, we do not mean something which we have merely done, of which we have just thought and touched at some time. By experience, we do not mean that. In order for all these things to become parts of our experience, they must in some way get hold of our entire life, our whole life must be deeply moved, stirred, gripped by them in some definite way, inside and out. They

must affect our thoughts, words and tones; we must feel them keenly so that they will come out in action and in behaviour.

For instance, we may be able to play a tune in a crude way on a piano, organ or violin, or touch in some like manner the science of botany, and be able to sketch roughly a picture here and there. But as long as we just touch these things and are able only to lightly move upon them, as long as we play with these worlds of power, life and beauty, we do not have any experience of them in the definite sense of the word.

All the while we may indeed have personal experience of other things not nearly so desirable, a personal experience, for instance, of the movies, of jazz and of some of the questionable novels of the day. We may show it by a given attitude and an up-to-date and burning interest in them.

As long as we are not penetrated by an interest or enterprise or work, as long as we are not caught up into it completely, we do not have definite experience of it. It is necessary to realize this distinction in order to understand what we mean by "having experience of Christ." For illustration, if I go down to the river and thrust my hand into its stream, dabble in its water in a playful way, or if I loll at leisure upon its bank or stroll along its shores, I have contact with that river, but I do not have experience of it. But if I plunge into the stream and swim across its course or drive myself against its current and measure my stroke against its force; if I submerge

my whole body in the river, then I do have such experience. In short, when the whole of you touches the whole of anything else, then you have experience of that thing, no matter what it is, whether it be music, art, science, boating, bathing or religion. That is the difference.

Great multitudes of so-called Christian people to-day do not have an experience of Jesus like this—the whole of their lives does not touch the whole of the meaning of Christ's life. They have come to Him, touched certain aspects and incidents of His life with a part of themselves, but they have just touched Him, nothing more. They have not leaped into the stream of His being and purpose and power, they have not submerged themselves in what He means and says.

Consequently, when the great hammer-blows of modern life fall upon them, when its fierce appeal comes to their senses, its terrible strain in business, its flaming suggestions in our modern theatricals to what is low and base and cheap, they envelop and crush out of them the casual interest and trivial contact which they have had with God. They have built their house of life out of pasteboards and it has come down in a heap.

Travelling out of the city of Omaha, not long ago, we saw, on entering a Pullman, a tall, stalwart young man come in and slump down in a seat at the end of the car. Evidently at one time he was sturdy and strong, but now seemed to be almost a physical wreck, hollow-cheeked, bent-over, sad of face and wearing a

haunted look. Later, we went over to him and, touching him on the knee, said, "My friend, you seem to have evidently been through some terrible trouble. Perhaps I can help you, and certainly would like to say something to you." We then began an interesting conversation together. He proceeded to tell me of the terrible accident he had had a few months before, which had taken him to a well-known hospital for treatment, how nearly he had come to dying, but at last he had recovered, in a measure, and was now on his way back home to his wife and little girl, away in the South. But he was uncertain whether he would be able to finish the journey. Then he made this strange remark: "On pulling myself together, physically, I found that it was very much harder to pull myself together inwardly and personally. It seemed to me that I had a great hollow on the inside of me, a strange cave-like emptiness that ran down deep into my being, dark, empty and vast, and which nothing was able to fill. I wondered if I did not need God, and if it were possible for me ever to find Him, and I have been trying ever since to find someone who might tell me of God and help me to discover Him, but I have not succeeded yet." That was a poignant, tremendous testimony, and carried in it a painful reproach.

But this is what might happen to any of us in a similar experience. In the life of any of us today, health may break down and the scaffolding come crashing above our heads, just as it did in his case. We have something more to think about and to

deal with in this world than business and home, something more than external contact with religion and churches. All the while there is a great dark cavern of emptiness in us all, that is likely to yawn within us and threaten us with terror and dismay.

Write this down as fundamental: Christ is striving with all His infinite power to enter into your life and take loving and compelling possession of all of its possibilities and powers. Be sure of that. You have only to see this fact as it is and to face and to acknowledge it as a certainty, and then to co-operate with it fairly, and you will find it true. You will find that He will come into your life and that you can enter into His. Perhaps they are two parts of one process. But first of all you must recognize it to be a fact of some other experience which you yourself must prove and test and cause to become a fact of your own experience.

Let us put it plainly: We must get ready to receive Christ, not as a definition, a doctrine, a theory, for Christ is not in a dictionary or encyclopædia, and in order to know Him you must go about the matter much as you would go about the process of getting a clear light to shine upon the page of a book which you read. If you cannot see clearly how to read the page, you do not say that there is no such thing as light, as that son of a minister said, but you say that your glasses are not correct or your seat is not near enough to the window, and then when you make these proper changes, light falls upon the page and

you read clearly. In some such way we vitally touch Christ.

Jesus is light and love and life. All of them are forces, energies, powers, and if we do not seek them as such and for what they are, Jesus may forever be utterly unreal to us, while if we openly and receivingly place ourselves so that His light and love may break upon us, fall upon us and pass through us, then Jesus begins to become a personal experience. You have to live a whole lifetime through to have a definite experience of the life of this world. You have to love unselfishly, and often at great loss, in order to become acquainted with love, with any kind of love, for it is a dangerous thing to love. But this is the way we must enter into the experience of Jesus.

Our daily personal life is made up of certain routine things that we do, contacts and connections that we make from morning until night. They are countless in number. You may say that they are paths along which we move, or doors through which we pass, as we move here and there, but simple and familiar as they are, they have a great deal to do with the translation of this fact of Jesus into personal experience. We must observe these activities closely, for each of them is a roadway along which He moves and windows through which He looks.

It will be well if we keep this thought very simply in our minds. Generally speaking, they consist of: People we meet and with whom we talk; letters we write and telephone messages we send; engagements

we make; the events which occur during the day; the quiet times we have when alone. Think of them in order.

The Pathway of Vision. The people and things and places we see, and touch. We are apt to look upon these things in the light of obligation, and responsibility which we must face and assume. We must go to that place, see this person, touch and handle this thing and that. We are likely to look at them as things from which we expect to get some gain and good, some profit and pleasure to ourselves. That is our tendency.

But Christ has something to do with all these. In fact, they are a series of activities through which we express our service, open our lives, send forth our energies, and then, through which Christ comes, windows through which His eyes peer, delicate wires which His trembling fingers touch, or doorways, whose threshold His feet press. All of them are so many gateways against which His marvellous form leans and eagerly looks in your direction. We should endeavour to become aware of Him at such times and not be wholly absorbed in what we may be doing.

Take, for instance, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, a wonderful illustration of what we mean. That crowd on that occasion, that vast hungry multitude had one thought only, but how different was Jesus' thought. They thought only of food and of eating, and without any delay or demur, Jesus supplied their want. We may believe that perhaps most of them went away aware only of His ability to multiply a

few loaves and fishes into so much that all had enough. But look at the other side of it, at Jesus' side. In fact, it was a scene set upon the grassy face of that field, over which God's love poured itself in glorious splendour and upon which the light of eternity and the "peace that passeth understanding" played and poured itself in unspeakable power and beauty. In one aspect, it is just the story of dull events and of some people's hungry attitude on the one hand, and an opportunity for the revelation of the splendour of heaven on the other.

So during the dull day of your life and mine, during which we have so many people to see, so many things to look at and handle and touch, and so much work to do, it may all be a scene of endless monotony, and yet, through it all, God may be seeking something entirely different. He may be trying to push over to us an eternal hope and a new, flashing joy.

The Pathway of Speech. We meet so many people and so many things during a whole day's life, and are moved to concern ourselves chiefly about getting our ideas uttered and our minds and wills expressed, so they will be heard and obeyed. But, in fact, not only should we try to set something out of our mind and into somebody else's mind, but also realize that Christ is trying to come into our mind through all these delicate processes, through all its words, looks, glances and tones, so that at last He may enter into our life.

Take telephoning, for instance. Does it occur to us that what we say and the way we say it may per-

mit God to come out freely into the atmosphere of the world about us, or else that it may keep Him and His light shut up and impossible of expression and utterance? We ought to look out, therefore, for the tone and method in which we send messages, for when we speak, God may be listening and, through what we say, He should be felt and overheard.

The Pathway of Events. In some mysterious way, God seems to be in all the countless incidents, events and happenings which crowd themselves in the day's life. These events which come and go, appear and disappear, seem to pass as swiftly as telegraph poles flash by a fast-moving express train. In a way, they are important in themselves, of course, and each of them should be so regarded.

But remember that if God is moving upon us, if He is in any vital way trying to affect our life, if He is trying personally to reach us, then it must be that He is moving through these events and that they should be considered not as a picture painted on a great screen, but as the glass in a window, through which the hills and plains and mountains stretch themselves beyond. It becomes important therefore to understand the signs of the daily road.

However you may think of these happenings, you must have long ago realized that in all life is a certain strange unknown quantity. It surely cannot have escaped you that this unknown factor at least may be such an ordering of things as becomes a God of love, who may prefer to keep things in His own hands and who may be bent on guiding you by stimulating an

inquiring attitude of mind. Granted that there is a God at all, apparently this is what He might seem to do, soliciting our attention and awakening our inquiry by means of the use of the unknown.

In the midst of all these daily occurrences, therefore, we should be alert and attentive, and try to discover the Presence of God in all that may happen. We should try to see if we may not find something like His invisible hand pushing things in this direction or that, trying to get us to hear or overhear His voice. It is always a still small voice, as you know, for God is very silent and gentle, as perfect love must be.

Are we aware in any intelligent way of some strange flash of light here and there in our life, sensitive of some vital, driving thought or of some stirring idea which is dropped into our minds at any definite point? Do we notice some strange, swift turn in our life which seems to have stirred our inquiry; do we notice anything like that? We ought to be on the lookout for manifestations of this kind, for we may be sure that there are many in the course of the day. Have we felt as if some One were near us, looking at us, as if He were in front or looking over our shoulder, as if He were in the rear? God is described in the Scripture in some such way as that. He goes before and follows after and lays His hand upon us. The Scriptures plainly tell us that He is a "besetting" God.

The Pathway of Voices. God tries to say something to us through people's voices and also to say

things to people through our words and tones. Are we as sensitive as we should be to this informing fact? Let us be courteous listeners always. Let us be attentive and respectful in all personal contacts, but let us not only listen to what people say, let us *listen through what they say.* Let us listen as though Someone were speaking to us from behind and beyond. This is an interesting and delicate attitude, which persistent practice will enable us to enjoy.

Remember that while people themselves may be saying something of intensive value and interest, that Christ also may be saying something through them of greater value to us and to them. But in any case, you will be most useful, most wisely guided by cultivating in all intercourse, the mental attitude of listening. And listen through what is said, and not only to what is said.

Also, in what you yourself say to people, Christ may come more deeply into possession of your abilities and capacities. Outwardly, let us speak as though those present alone were concerned, and alone were being spoken to. But inwardly, let us speak as though Christ alone were speaking and using us as a channel through which His speech may be heard. Our communications, one with another, therefore, are pathways. Christ speaks through us, and we inwardly listen, and He speaks outwardly through others, and again we listen.

This same attitude of listening, of being a messenger, should be borne in mind when we are in the act of telephoning. What we say over the telephone

and the tone in which we say it may reveal God, His love and mystery, or it may vibrate quite an opposite effect.

The Pathway of Reading. Our books, papers and magazines are of importance in this connection. God is pressing into our experience through what we read, and we must not forget it. Therefore, we should be careful what we read, avoiding what is useless, vicious, sensational and sensual, and never reading merely to kill time. Suppose we are reading some book of importance, some article, story or essay, the most significant fact about it is not the binding of the book, the quality of the paper, the subject matter or the tale itself, although these certainly are not insignificant, but they are not supreme. After all, they are only incidental in the spiritual sense. The really marvellous fact is that a certain beautiful Face, silent, lovely and haunting, looks out upon us over the top of the book, looks at us silently, looks at us from the centre of the page, vibrates all through our mental world while we are absorbing the contents of the page itself. Whatever the history, fiction or tale we may be reading, bear in mind that there may be, shining across our page, a light from Him which we ought to feel.

Especially, let us ask ourselves, "Does the book make us think of Him, and how?" In a word, let us take His point of view and our own and try to weave them together into one so that we shall feel, as we read that two are reading, ourself and another, ourself and our Friend.

The Pathway of Quiet. We have in mind those times during the day when we are alone, in our room, and no one near, at the beginning or the end of the day. Then it is that Christ comes to us, and we should share our quiet and privacy with Him. It will make all life greatly different when we learn to do this. Let us look within ourselves carefully when we are in this quiet time, into our mind and heart and soul, into the stream of our thought and into the pictures which flash from the imagination. This is really our one great and true world, this inward world of the silent interior, of which we become so well aware when alone with the Alone.

Then it is that Christ stirs within us strange heart-throbs, pulsations, vibrations and urges, which, if we are keenly sensitive to them, will become like beatings of the heart. Let us not at such times give way to reverie, day-dreaming and musing, but rather actively *listen* and *open ourselves* unto God and unto His beautiful Presence. It is really a great opportunity to cleanse ourselves within, our whole *mental house,* to cast out what is negative, useless and vicious, and to have Him put there what is true, beautiful and abiding. Let us learn how to get rid of all the débris, the broken and useless things that clutter up the world within. Then let this gracious Friend harmonize, rearrange and unify our chaotic interior. Then, above all, let Him give us the greatest of all gifts, and that is the gift of His peace.

Now, sum this all up so that we shall look at it as one. It is the day's life with all of its countless

details of which we are speaking. That life is an opportunity which God has arranged to reach us, and by which He may get into possession of us and we of Him. Let us not get the attitude toward all these happenings that they belong to one order of things, while God belongs to another. Do not separate the day's events from the God of the events of the day. They are one, they are united and blended, and we should see them as united, and not separate.

Do not say: "After the events of the day are over, I shall return home and meet my heavenly Father at night, in peace." Rather say something like this: "I am now going forth into the life of this day, and I shall try to look upon all that happens as so many pathways by which God may be trying to enter me, and also that I shall continually try to penetrate into a deeper possession of God."

Then the voices of the people who speak to us, the events of the day, the engagements which are to be made, the places I visit and the quiet hour, will all be pathways unto God from us and pathways from God unto us. We are trying to help you to a real experience of Christ, to get you to push through things unto God, through all religious forms and secular activities into vital contact with the Presence of Christ, where spirit with Spirit and life with Life may meet. It will greatly help if we consider some of these daily events in the way which we have just indicated, noticing where light has broken upon other lives, where some quiet Voice has been heard by other hearts, where these intimations have been felt before

by others, for we too may know and share a similar experience.

We have felt inwardly urged to say this, for unless Christian people arouse themselves to seek such an experience and try to find beneath the rough face of all the daily things that happen, the hand and the touch of God, then we may lose even the religious contact which we already enjoy, for the ruthless pressure of the events of modern life may tear our connection from them.

When we do accept our existence in this universe as God has set it before us, when we realize that we belong to God and not God to us, then in the end it will undoubtedly work out in that way, and work out well. Remembering that God must have His way and His own time, we will have as much prosperity as we can wisely use. If it is true that there will be a Gethsemane along the way and a cross on some little hill, it is also true that there will be a resurrection afterwards, a Voice of reassurance later on, telling us what it all means and speaking comfortingly to us out of the gloom of life's garden.

The love of God is mighty and beautiful, nothing will ultimately defeat it, and the love-hungry hearts of men may trust it utterly and wholly. But bear in mind that it will not swerve nor change its perfect aim at our bidding, for its aim is nothing less than to make men like God, rather than to grant man's request for everything he may desire. He is not a force to be externally applied, in order to change human events, but rather a force and a spirit that

penetrates our entire personal human world, brings it into oneness with God. This change in spirit and life, however, which it brings about, will in turn affect human events, moving through them as the human life-stream vibrates through the body and as the breath vitalizes the blood.

Agnostics and materialists say, that they have opposed the Christian position because they have found that there is no such power to be applied externally to life, guiding and moulding its course of affairs. Much of our religious teaching today is to blame for this error. We need more closely to study the enlightening Word of Jesus in order to bring it into the light where it belongs. We need a personal experience of God, and we need it badly. The failures, losses and defeats of which we have spoken, and whose story is so affecting, might in every case lead us to a discovery, through all these lurid and tragic events, of the God of Jesus Christ who is a God of light and love and life.

XI

FINDING A NEW CENTRE OF LIFE

ALL of us should desire a deeper and larger contact with God. It is the supreme need of the Church. We are all in a twilight land of dimness and uncertainty about it, and need light. We bend beneath burdens too great for our strength, and we need a friendly arm. We feel unclean, and deeply yearn for cleansing. We are sad and confused, and need peace and joy.

Some of us have believed that God can bestow these gifts, and we have asked Him, but these gifts do not seem to come. At least, we think we have tried, but life has grown increasingly sad and sombre as we have gone on. What is the matter? We need a new centre in life.

The national centre of the United States is Washington, for all legislation and most leadership issue from there. Whatever political wisdom and help you are to get must come from that source. The centre of Mr. Ford's enterprise is Detroit, and you cannot think of one of these names and not think of the other. There may be a cultural centre of a nation or a section. Athens was the intellectual capital of a brilliant period of ancient history. Rome was certainly the greatest Imperial Centre existing at any one

time in the world. Oxford and Cambridge are also great intellectual centres of England. The centre of a little child's life, before the world spoils it, is the home, and while doing many things, at school or at play, the life of the child returns to the home. Would that all during life each of us had the memory-picture of a home to which we could look back across the years, the heart's centre of grateful love. But we have weakened the power of the home, and in its place we have a succession of transient dwelling places.

Sometimes it becomes necessary to change the centre of things and find a new one. In recent times, the money centre of the world has been changed from England to America, from London to New York, from Threadneedle Street to Wall Street.

But sometimes also it becomes necessary for a man to shift the centre of things in his own life—something has gone wrong, his health has alarmed him, heart action, digestion, sleep or nervous well-being seem to have become involved and broken, and he is alarmed and visits his doctor. He is told that he has been working too hard, eating too carelessly and violated laws of health, and he must formulate a new system of living, in order to recover his health. He does so, and when he does, he finds a new centre of life. Once he thought only of work. Now he arranges everything according to good methods of living.

We always have symptoms and signals on the surface of the body's health or the nation's life, when something is centrally wrong. We hear a bell, a

whistle, or see a flash, and we begin to search until we reach the centre. It is strange how we always feel that when there is a breakdown, that it is due to something having gone wrong at the centre.

The great centre of the life of church members today is wrong, and must be shifted. It is fixed within themselves, and it must be fixed in God. They have certain thoughts, feelings, hopes, affections, hungerings and yearnings, and all day long and every day they wind these like so many threads about the spool of themselves. From year to year they go on loving, getting, doing, enjoying things, and while they are all good things, in a certain way, they are only so many strands that they go on winding up tightly within themselves. At the centre of all is just their own pleasure—machines, clothes, house furnishing, eating, drinking, gayeties. They have a wrong centre, and one day there will be a great crash. The universe is run on a different basis from that, it has a different centre and, sooner or later, these will clash and something will go to pieces.

The real centre of the universe is God. All the argument, scepticism, raillery and indifference in the world will not change that. Sooner or later, these two different conceptions will break against each other, and then when a man whose whole life has been centred in himself finds his health gone, his economic situation in a chaos, his family developing problems, that are dark and ugly, faces alarm signals like these, he often becomes despairing, defiant, ugly, resentful and sad. Few things are more painful than

to notice the faces and figures of good men thus disappointed; there are plenty such today.

This was Nicodemus' trouble—he believed or felt that the one important thing was to have trouble itself removed from his own mind, and to clear away the fog, God should explain Himself, life was a puzzle, all was veiled and hidden—God should step out from behind the curtain and make things clear. He needed to find a new centre. Up to that time, he himself was central and God secondary. He needed to see that he ought to explain himself to God, and not the reverse. He was much like ourselves, under the pressure and weight of life as we are today.

We, too, are complaining and resentful whenever anything but prosperity befalls us, and the change we need is to make God the centre of our entire world. Vision is born of experience, an experience of hindrance and failure. What we try to do and cannot, may teach us more than what we try and succeed in doing. Failure generally makes us wrongly blame God. We are apt to think that God is less than fair and loving. We become disappointed that He has not treated us more generously, and we will continue to hold this discrediting outlook on God, and this very approving outlook upon our own life, as long as the supreme thing and centre of all, is ourselves.

Let us suppose that we are beset with many temptations, that we are burdened with loneliness, our heart heavy, our path grown dark, and our occasional visits

to church have seemed unavailing to us. We ought to try to begin our thinking from God's point of view. We should ask what does He want, what does He think and what does He seem to be trying to do? Make up our minds that, apart from all appearances, we are going to move in that direction, if we can learn what it is.

After all, what we need is a new birth of feeling. If we can see things as God sees them, from His point of view, it will ultimately mean that we will feel differently about everything.

Let us illustrate this by our experience with light. Here we are in a dark room on a certain afternoon, and it happens that we need a light by which to read more distinctly than twilight will allow. We see a candle near, and light it, and for a time we think it sufficient. This was just a candle, in the room, near at hand, and we used what was there.

But soon we found it inadequate, and wanted a better one, and someone brings in a lamp, and that helps us more. Thus again we laid hold of something within our reach.

Then we decide that we ought to have a better light still and, turning around, found what proved to be an electric button, which we pressed, and then we got a rich, generous, brilliant light, sufficient for all our wants and one that never grew dim or went out. But we did this by pressing on step by step, and at each step laying hold upon something within our reach and power, and which secured a result that was better than what we had.

So there is living and moving all about us, a vast world of light, joy, peace and power, touching us, wrapping us about, just as near us, just as close, as that candle or lamp, and crowding the very air we breathe with influences and powers which, if we will turn to them, believe in them and touch them, will bring us relief.

We know that all this power is part of the living Presence of God, we know it to be a fact that He is wherever need and want and pain and darkness are, and wherever two or three are gathered in His name. We think it, know it, believe it, but we don't feel it, for when you feel a thing you do something about it, you act and venture.

Our indifferent and wandering lives today need the government of some great, awakening and commanding thought and word, like the *nearness of the love of God.* We need to be awakened, so that we will feel it and not think it only, and the value of trouble of any kind is that it may remind us that we have been thinking of the wrong thing, centreing our interests upon the wrong fact, namely, the sense of our needs and our personal inconvenience. Let us seek to find a gold mine in every trouble, for if we can break open a doorway into God's life through our difficulty, we shall make a great discovery and a new feeling will be born.

This was the magnetic and fascinating thing about Jesus. He not only taught wonderful truths, uttered amazing words and did gracious things, He also felt marvellously about them. Men, ever since, have

coveted to share with Him the way He felt about God and life and men.

When we do this, we have come into possession of a new centre of living, a beautiful and inspiring feeling has broken in upon us, and we have been born again.

Let us suppose, for illustration, that we are crossing the Atlantic on a great liner. We enter the saloon cabin at night, and a merry scene is before us. Lovely music is being given by an orchestra, gay lights gleam, dancers are on the floor, the talk is carefree and the effect is brilliant. For all the world we might suppose ourselves back in New York, so familiar is the scene.

But we go out on deck, and a storm is rising. We feel the boiling, seething depths of black waters beneath us, fathomless and angry. Out to the right and left and all around is darkness, more than Egyptian. We feel the plunge and roll and pitch of the great ship. The awful elemental noise and mountainous waves obliterate the impression of the gay dancing scene looked at a moment before, and we realize and know and feel the immeasurable power of water, wind and storm. We have shifted our centre. Before, it was fixed upon an evening dance; now, it is fixed upon infinity and touched with eternity. But after a while we look aloft and see dimly the form of a man walking the captain's bridge. Let us say, our steamer is the America, and our captain, George Fried, the hero of many a gallant rescue. The feeling comes to us—this looks pretty bad, but up there is the cap-

tain. He has faced worse seas than this. He knows the great science of safe sailing, and the control of a great ship. He has brought many a boat through raging waters like these before, and he can do it again. So my disquiet vanishes and my centre is again changed. It was one of alarm, it is now one of confidence.

So it is with life. We live largely for comfort and pleasure and ease. Storms come, winds rise, gales blow, health gives way, the home is troubled, our minds get dizzy and the heart sinks. We have enjoyed the music and dance of life and now in the storm of trouble we feel the raging elements that threaten all. But through the fog and murk of the dark night, we may look aloft and dimly see the Master Mariner. He has sailed the ship of life, the vessel of our destiny, for many thousand years, and has done it with infinite power and wisdom. He has done it many times before. We will put our trust in Him once more, confident that He will succeed again.

When we see and feel this, we will be born again, we will have found a new centre of life, and it will make us radiant.

XII

USING THE MIND FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

WE make the mind do too little rather than too much. It is under-worked and wrongly worked rather than over-worked. It is amazing how we keep the mind working hard and feverishly on questions that are unimportant or trivial, consuming our nervous strength upon things that really do not matter, while the big and beautiful things we let drift by or else we do not think them through.

Just imagine concentrating the energies of such a beautiful instrument as the human mind in thinking all the time of dress, money, pleasure, more salary, a better position, or else your dislikes, prejudices, grudges, controversies, and never once putting it to work upon thinking of the whole of life—what it is and how best to live it. Most people have no serious thought about the whole of their life, it doesn't even interest them. This is not merely tragic, it is pitiable.

So it happens that this most divine of all our faculties, this most marvellous of all our personal equipment, is used to pick up trifles, to dabble and play with insignificant things upon the mere surface, when

we might make it transform the whole of life and astonish men with the power that God can exert upon human affairs. They might as well take a battleship and make it fish for minnows or use a costly canvas to ornament a doll-house.

These things that consume the mind are not only of secondary importance, but they are outside of ourselves, apart from ourselves, as separate from our real life as a suit of clothes is from the body. If we will only begin to pay attention to that life that is inside, we will soon find that outside problems will solve themselves, that is, they will find their solution in the course of your wider interest in larger matters.

For example, when we begin to have trouble in our business, our home, or perhaps in the world of bodily health, we are apt to seek a solution in the immediate field of the trouble. If we have lost a job, we move heaven and earth to get another, if we have an ache or a pain we get a new medicine, if there is a blow-up or a breakdown of some kind in business, we proceed to give some one a piece of our mind. Putting it somewhat humourously,—when our child fails at school, we get a new tutor; when the house burns down, we send for the carpenter; when business fails, we send for a certified accountant; when health fails, we get another doctor, and when we die, someone sends for an undertaker.

Every one of these things is good, and yet not one of them, nor all of them together, will change our life itself. They are salvaging processes, corrective of

damages already done and leaving the old foes of bad methods and spirit and misusage of life just as they were, and in a short time the accountant or the undertaker will call again.

Apparently, it takes some awful shock to wake us up, and yet it is a perilous process, for it may be that waking up we will be like one awakened from sleep by a sudden blow,—it may stun and confuse and paralyze us. Fortunate is that man who, when some great awakening shock comes, has some understanding friend near who can guide him aright.

Yet, in a certain way, we really ought to be glad when such breakdowns occur. For, we may succeed in so correcting things that when trouble of any kind comes in the future, we may be able to seek its correction first from within and, afterwards, from without. If we do this, then we shall be able to say that if our health fails we are going to put to ourselves the question: "How have I been living and how ought I to begin to live; what methods should be changed, foods avoided and living habits corrected?" Especially, we are going to try to realize that God is the life of our body, and has mightily to do with our health. He holds its very secret, and henceforth we are going to co-operate with Him. This is what we mean by seeking the solution of the problems from the inside.

Thus, when we fail in business, instead of blaming or penalizing someone objectively, externally, we are going to try the newer way, we are going to ask if there is not some misunderstanding of our own, some

faulty outlook of ours that may have been responsible, or the equally faulty mental attitude of some employee, and we will now try to change the way he thinks and feels, change him inside, and not merely reduce his salary, and so harm someone else at the same time.

All that we know today of co-operation of employer and employee, arbitration, as we call it, is nothing but the acknowledgment on the part of business men that when trouble arises in their factory, the best and sanest thing is not to use external repression, military methods, as they may be called, but Jesus' methods of bringing minds together and correcting external troubles by altering mental relations first.

The majority of people, in the midst of calamity, almost always say, "This is terrible, and I really do not see what I am to do, which way to turn, or what is to become of me. I believe in God and go to church, and yet just look at my situation." They all talk alike when troubles come, they all say that, and are utterly confused, just as Job was and just as are the supposed followers of Christ today. But, remembering that when severe trouble arises, it is almost certain to come in one of three spheres, our health, our business or our home, the first thing we ought to do is not to run here and there excitedly, trying to get some external remedy,—a better salary, a good promotion, the pull of a new influence, a big loan of money. As long as we think in these terms, we are thinking of our troubles in terms of what we are

calling external remedies, while the real remedy is internal.

By that we mean, using our calamity as a vast inward self-awakening. Making it the occasion of asking ourselves the question: "How have I been thinking, feeling, believing—our thoughts, feelings, aims, emotions, spirit, faith, prayer?" Our fault is there, it is in that world. We may not have thought so, and we may not now, but it is true notwithstanding, and the sooner we begin to think about it in that way, the better we are going to be, the better in health, in life, and in our influence as a friend and a man, and increasingly sure that now God is real and near, and beautifully true.

If a man aims correctly at a target, has a good gun and possesses the disciplined experience of a marksman, then if all these inside qualifications are correct, he is certain to hit the target, and need not even worry about it. If he does not, then there is some inside fault or defect—his nerves, his thoughts, his lack of concentration, or something else inward is wrong. But in no case is the fault with his target. He himself is at fault inside, and not the target. Shakespeare expressed it in this way: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." We keep on finding fault with our stars and our targets,—yet it is some wrong thought, spirit, aim, love, faith or joy, that has gotten us into trouble, or else these are major factors in it.

Someone tried to get Jesus to arrange a family

quarrel, on one occasion, and make an external assessment of value between two opposing parties. He declined, saying, "Who made Me to be a judge or a divider over you?" He might have said, "Unless I can correct this quarrel by changing the life and spirit of both of you, I shall have nothing to do with the external rearrangement of your supposed rights and property. For it will be an external correction only, leaving within an unchanged spirit that will make you two quarrel again." He might have put it in that way, for it means the same thing.

When we become involved in any great trouble, where it seems as if the very roof of the house were falling in upon us, face it by calmly trying to look out of our own mental window upon our life as a whole. Not looking just at our problem and perhaps saying, "How terrible it is!" Not that. But in the light of our problem, examining the whole of our life, or our life as a whole. Look out upon it as an engineer looks out of his cab window on the rails, —it's a dark and rainy night, but he has his gaze fastened upon the rails, and he drives his engine forward. Be so definite as to the steps we are going to take that we could sit down, take our pencil and make a statement of it, if necessary. In fact, this is always a fine thing to do, for it clears the mind when making a summary of this kind. Be sure to let this statement, or something like it, come at the end, "Yes, it is true. I have gotten into a bad predicament and my life has been terribly interrupted. But it isn't as bad as it looks, and I know there is a way

out, and I am going to find it." That means victory and escape for you. It means deliverance, transformation, good health, and what is more, it means—God! In order that we may guide you out of what seems something terrible, but which we hope you will come to consider as golden and good, we wish to set down in order some of these things you should do when trying to effect an external result by first changing your internal world. Most people think this vast and beautiful world has nothing to do with their external troubles—but it has everything to do with them, and in order that you may possibly be moved to make this correction in your life, we suggest that you consider the following:

Find Your Inner World. By that we mean, take time to be quiet, somewhere, somehow, sometime during the day, and turn your thoughts inward upon that marvellous, beautiful and infinite world inside of you. Nothing in all the external world has any such beauty, wonder, charm and power. Immediately your trouble comes, first go aside, become quiet, look within and listen, and you may discover this beautiful world, perhaps for the first time. You have thought of it hitherto as a vacant space into which you placed three meals a day and into which, when sick, you put medicine. Now you are beholding it, contacting it, and are thrilled, or soon will be. You expected us to tell you to pray, but no, if you are to pray effectively, and helpfully, you must do this thing first. Then you can "pray aright," as the Scriptures say.

Notice, how, within this world, are thoughts, aims, desires, feelings, and that they seem to blend and co-operate, to tie into one another in a marvellous and mysterious way. One seems to affect another, ideas start feelings and a fresh aim deepens interest. You do not see everything in this inner world clearly as yet, but as far as you do see, it is all very definite and encouraging. This is the first thing we ought to do—Come to ourselves, find ourselves. Most people say, " My, my, what a predicament I am in. Isn't it awful? "

Ultimately, you may come to realize that this inner world of soul and mind is the only world that has reality. We realize that this is a disputed question, and we do not press it at this point, further than to tell you that most of the things that disturb our outer world do not possess any external reality in themselves, only in so far as we permit our soul and mind so to regard them.*

Your Thoughts and Ideas. Begin your consideration of your inner world, which we are trying to help you to know, by asking yourself the question: " How have I been thinking, what have been my ideas and my outlook? " It overlaps our previous suggestion, but goes further. What we have in mind is to get you to discover that in all likelihood you have been thinking wrongly, only the wrongness of it all we

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* If you wish to become acquainted with a remarkable work bearing upon this problem, and do not mind putting a little work upon it, we refer you to Alexander's great book, *Space, Time and Deity.*

wish you to discover yourself. You have been saying and doing so in some burning, fierce way that has almost scorched your mental processes—" Really, this state of things is awful and I don't know what to do." When you say that, try to find that awful poisonous root-thought, and, once found, see that it comes out. But you will not get rid of it by simply saying so. You can displace it only by putting in its place its corresponding opposite. You might go at it something like this—" Well, what if I don't know what is to become of me. Many others have not known what their future was going to be, and yet their affairs became straightened out very nicely. Therefore, what of it? Cheer up, there's a way out." Try to put a good, constructive, intelligent idea in charge of your problem, and it will work wonders. It is a mental and spiritual force that acts through the pituitary gland upon the whole blood stream and directly, through the nervous system, upon the whole body.

Your Feelings. Take note of your feelings, also; try, as it were, to make a little inventory, notice your emotional temperature. In a word, do not let any situation frighten or alarm you. Take care of your high-tension emotions. They directly affect your whole conscious mind and injure its action, and you are most likely to do something harmful to your own case, or to the lives of others.

You might like to know what it is that is disturbing and colouring your feelings, what it is that is worrying, troubling, saddening, and irritating you.

Some idea is mischievously at work in your mind, making you " feel " as you do.

We first think, then feel, then desire, or else we think, then desire, and then feel. Feeling and desire often exchange places, but thinking comes first. These feelings are affected not only by ideas, but by our expression of them. That is, if we are clear in what we think, but only feel it slightly, we will feel it, or soon begin to feel it, very keenly, if we express it and give utterance to it. Therefore, we ought, for our own good, to use every opportunity to bear witness—tell someone about it. All of this, duly considered, will enter into your effort to correct your trouble, by starting the remedy from within. A mother, for instance, may feel so keenly the need of rescuing her child from the fire into which the child may have fallen, that she will reach her hand into the flames and never feel the flames burning, because she feels something else more strongly, namely, her love for the child. This is a case where feeling may be so strong that it may burn up another feeling.

Again, it may be illustrated in another familiar expression, sometimes heard,—" I feel as if God were far away from me." That is a mischievous feeling, also, and many people pay no attention to its presence, not realizing that it is wrong and doing them harm, injuring their peace and joy, and perhaps even their health. But they ought not to feel that way, and need not do so. It is due to an idea, a thought, that is wrong, possibly that God is a law, a force, an

intelligence, a Creator, or something of that kind, not in the slightest way identified with Jesus' teaching concerning His heavenly Father and, therefore, an idea of God that is wrong and hurtful. If we continue to hold it, we will continue feeling that God is far away.

They should displace it with right thoughts of God, thoughts of Him that we know are right, because Jesus declared them, and myriads since have proved them true.

God is love, and light, and spirit, and life, and we are in Him as the mind is in the body, and as the body may be immersed in the sea. In this way, we are in God and God in us, and we should make up our minds to think it and hold it as truth, and soon we will come to feel it.

Our feelings have an immense power. They largely determine what we do and how we do it. They colour our actions, affect our happiness and our health. The age is a highly emotional one, and the American people, today, are suffering nationally and physically from an over-emotional life that they are living. One's feelings should be controlled, and such control is impossible unless one understands something about the great emotions of personality.

Generally speaking, there are six of these great emotions, and they may be called six devils, so great is their effect upon our usefulness, happiness and health. Without setting them in any exact scientific order, they are worry, hate, hurry, fear, disappointment, and pride. Lust might be added, which would make a list

of seven—you remember, Jesus is said to have cast out seven devils.

Worry has several phases. It does not always begin in an emotion of conscious worry, but seems to assume a milder form of apprehensiveness, foreboding, and a feeling of illness at ease. But whatever its shade or tone, it is worry, and it is born of that action of the mind which looks out over the duty of the moment or the day. It is an injurious influence, arising from our outlook upon the future, as we peer through the front window of the mind, as it were. It is due to the fact that when we look out over the future and survey our own assets, it seems as if we were in a world far too vast for our small resources. The magnitude of the world and the smallness of our lives agitate and disturb us, and so worry is born. Moreover, it is always a malady which good people have. They wish to do well, to give a good account of themselves. They desire to be faithful, and their fear springs from the thought that possibly they may not be able to do so.

Hate is an ugly enemy, but it begins in a milder form, than in actual hostility. It generally begins in a form of dislike, antagonism or irritation. It is a feeling that needs to be dealt with immediately that it appears and, if left to itself, the smouldering embers will soon become a flame.

The cure for hate is the realization that the person whom you dislike may, generally speaking, prove to be a teacher and a helper. Make a test of this, and see if it is not so. If one whom you dislike you try

earnestly to know better, you will generally find him capable of instructing you. It is the fact that he is a positive character, an affirmative force, and he has come into collision with your will, and so you began to dislike him.

Hurry is an American disease. It is largely due to our passion for success, our desire to keep up with Life's Parade, to get along and to accumulate either wealth or popularity. Let us try always to move swiftly, but also to move helpfully, that is to say, let us never forget to try to be helpful along the way, while quickly moving on our own errand. Nervous hurry is selfish hate, and its cure must be found in continually trying to be considerate and sympathetic. Take time for loving kindness. Remember that love always moves quickly, but only selfishness gets in a hurry.

Fear is a racial inheritance, placed in our lives originally to give us a signal of coming danger. There is a place for fear, but it should not be permitted to darken and to poison the whole of life, as it too frequently does. People who are said "to have no fear" are certain to be people who do foolish and harmful things very often. We ought not to envy people who have no fear. We ought to recognize that fear has its use and place, but when fear becomes a disease, it is terrible.

People may have permitted fear to assume such proportions that it has made victims of thousands of otherwise useful citizens. It ruins friendships, destroys religious trust, poisons the springs of peace and

happiness and, of course, ruins physical health, and acts very quickly in doing so.

One of the best ways to approach your fear is frankly to face it. As you look out over the future and find yourself dreading some possible situation, go forth and mentally meet it, dare it to do the worst that is conceivable. As long as you decline to face it and are trying to evade it, in some way it is going to hunt you down and hurt you endlessly.

You will discover that in nine out of ten cases the thing that you fear is a mere shadow with which you need never actually have anything to do, or, if ultimately you have to face it, it will be an inconsiderable matter.

Disappointment is an experience which deeply disturbs the springs of emotion. Viewed in the light of modern success, and its standards, most of us are certain partially to fail, and a great many people completely fail. There are really not many successful men and women in the world, in the financial sense. But we should live and work for God, and not for ourselves, and then if results do not come as we have expected, still God remains and your faithfulness to Him abides, and nothing can take that away from you. But if you live only to get something for yourself, and leave out God, then when you fail, you will be bitterly disappointed, and there will be precipitated in the stream of your life a poison that will certainly make you unhappy and possibly ruin your health.

We could say a great deal about pride, but really

pride is the tap root from which all of these others spring. Changing the figure, pride is the spring from which all of these rivulets run.

But take all of these emotions of which we have been speaking, and instead of trying to live in this house of emotions and successfully deal with them as an engineer would with a piece of machinery, make a clear surrender of them unto God.

If one who is troubled in any of these directions, and if his health has suffered and his influence has been damaged, he will get relief, the relief of restored health and of increased happiness, if he quietly makes up his mind to surrender this whole interior world unto God.

Too many of us today are passionately eager to get a great many things. We want so many things and are moving heaven and earth to get them, and then if we fail to secure them and see someone else near us who has come into possession of that which we have failed to reach, then we become full of hate, we tremble with fear, we are bitterly disappointed, we rush here and there, frantically trying to make amends; in fact, we loosen all six of these devils in us, and they injure our minds' outlook, destroy our equipoise, and undermine the very foundations of nervous health and well being.

We want too many things, too many automobiles, too much fine clothing, too many pieces of new furniture, and we want to go to too many interesting places and see too many interesting sights. The world is made up of things and things today, and this

is why we are victims of the ravages of our high-tensioned emotions.

Our Desires. Be careful of the things for which you may wish, because if you wish for something, and wish earnestly enough, and permit the wish to take a sufficiently deep possession of us, we are likely to get it. Somewhat qualified, of course, it yet remains true that people tend to get what they earnestly desire. For example, look about you today, is not the whole world and all that we have and use the result of what at least some men in the past have wished for? Only when they wished it, they wished it very deeply, and when wishes are ardently held they are called " creative desires." They are a power, upon your health and upon your affairs.

When enough people wished for electricity, someone appeared who invented the electric light. When enough people desired a new world, at last someone appeared who discovered America.

Desire deeply, humbly, prayerfully, that God may make you well, enable you to have enough with which to live, and that you may have a home in which He may come to be known, and also that you may be an influence in your business world for good, for God's good and yours. Desire this, become saturated with it. It will come, or as much of it will come as you will wisely use.

Do not misunderstand what we mean when we say, desire of God, good health, adequate living and some happiness. We do not mean that we should look upon God or our approach to Him as a means to have a

sound body in which selfishly to enjoy our own pleasure, and we do not mean for success to be understood in a like selfish way. What we mean by thinking health and happiness is that we must be either well or sick, crippled or whole, and also we must be a success or a failure, earn enough money for a living or else live on someone else.

We should deeply desire to have such a body and such health that we shall not have to be a burden on someone else's care, and we should be able to carry our own economic load and not be pensioners on others. Desire to become a servant, a helper, a saver of someone's life, and not a casualty or a liability. Deeply desire of God such strength of body and worldly means that you can do as the Good Samaritan did, have strength to lift someone from the wayside and have enough to be able to say to the inn-keeper, " Take care of him."

Bearing Witness. When you have set into your mind firmly the idea concerning your case, your need or problem, when you have begun to feel it, and when you have begun also to desire it, you should go on and " bear witness."

Understand the importance of this. Talk about the good and inspiring aspects of the case. Speak out, show your flag, fly your colours. Again someone says, " Yes, but just what do you mean, how can one do that? " So unfamiliar is the average Christian in our churches today with this point of view that although this is as simple and as old as the first chapter of John's Gospel, where we see the wonder accom-

plished when a man said, "Behold,"—still men ask today to have the meaning of it all spelled out for them. Therefore, we say, where you face your problems and have begun to change your emphasis from external to internal things, we ask you to take this step in the matter of "bearing witness," by doing it somewhat like this. "True, I was in a bad situation once, I admit it, but now matters have begun to change somewhat for the better. It isn't all clear yet, but I believe something has begun to move favorably in my direction. The fact that I myself think differently about my case, that my interest and emphasis, once external, are now internal, is an immense fact. Things are not altogether right yet, but they are not as bad as they were, and not as bad as they may appear. I believe this as fact and truth, and I am going to say as much to the first man I meet, if opportunity should make it possible."

When you say that, you will do an honest thing, you will be fair toward yourself and toward God, and it will directly affect everything about you, and you will "bear witness."

Now, in all this, we have said but very little directly about religion and about God. But we have not intended this to be used just as a method of self-development and mental discipline. Realize that your mind is in the mind of God, and derives its life and amazing powers from Him, and that God is making known His mind to you by doing it through you. God is within and seeks to affect life outwardly by moving upon it from within. He is no outside providence, no

"tide in the affairs of men," but life, presence, and mind and, of course, is within us. Moreover, God is trying to work out your troubles through you, not for you, changing the way you think, feel, desire, love and pray.

It is a mystery that, apparently, we cannot explain—we must have some sort of a knockout blow before we really come to our senses. He does not send trouble or sickness in the rough, crude meaning of that term, but He gets into our trouble, He inhabits it, uses it, once it throws itself upon us. The world is all shadows and illusions, pasteboard playthings that have little reality, or value, and it seems to take some fell blow to destroy it. Then we rise, maybe half-dazed, but slowly we begin to see that all we really ever had, we still have—God, our soul, our love, and life. Having these, we may win back what we lost and have it in better form than before.

All that we have asked you to do is not a matter of mental discipline, it is an act of faith. It would be impossible for you to do any of these things if God were not within you. But being within you, as a beautiful Spirit, He wishes you to become inwardly open toward Him and inwardly co-operative within Him, and then wonderful transformations will take place, both in your bodily health and in your outward affairs.

We have given you a method by which the whole of your inward life may lay hold of the life of God, that life of God that is within you. It is a step, a method that you must make, but God makes it also,

when you make it. You do these things, and can do them, because you are in God, and God does them through you because you have decided to co-operate with Him.

We have called this living radiantly, and it is just that. It is a decision that we are not going to have our relation to God to consist of going to church when it does not rain. He is in us as a beautiful, marvellous Presence of life and love, and holds the key to our health, our business, our home. Because this is true, I shall consult Him first. By co-operating, I believe I may overcome, literally, all obstacles, all foes, without doubt or conditions. From within outward is the key and the secret, and it is "radiant," because it emerges from within, and does not become attached to us by organizational contact from without.

XIII

GRATITUDE, JOY AND HEALTH

THE Christian faith, in its human aspect, is built upon gratitude. God seems to be willing to risk all on our willing ability to recognize His gift and thank Him for the love that gave it.

We imagine the house of life is our own, that its royal wealth is of our making, its jewels of wisdom and culture our discoveries. But in reality it is a gift, the Giver remaining out of sight, His hand unseen; yet He yearns for response, for gratitude.

Almost all great music, poetry and song, *The Messiah, The Creation, The Marseillaise, The Star-Spangled Banner,* sprang from hearts that were perhaps breathless with gratitude, or tense with the sense of pending danger. Many times ruin, suffering, poverty, helplessness, spread all around as these singers sang their song. Having nothing, they were aflame with gratitude.

Gratitude is the perfume of the soul out of which the fragrance of joy rises. You hold in one hand a linen handkerchief and in the other a little vial of attar of roses, distilled from a bushel of rose petals, the basis of many odours, and one drop of this

pungent perfume penetrates the texture for days with fragrance.

When your heart discovers the love of God, finds and touches or awakens unto the sense of His infinite care of your life, and so handles the crushed petals and bruised foliage of many a little plant that grows within, a mysterious fragrance touches and tinges the texture of your thoughts with a subtle fragrance, and men notice your happiness, peace and content. Paul meant something like this, when he spoke of "A sweet savour unto Christ."

Jesus was the great specialist in gladness, He was the eternal expert, who probed deep its everlasting springs and sources, and He alone can tell us how. For He showed men how to be glad when they had nothing, when all was against them. Just a short time before He stood stripped of all friendly support, His hands bound behind Him, He said, " Let my joy remain in you." An amazing scene.

It is because He is still able to open our human eyes to see what all of life means, what it is all about, that life itself is a wondrous gift, a heavenly chance, that He will ever remain the world's great instructor of gladness. We shift and change and replace the furniture and ornaments, but until His touch is upon us, we are blind to the fact that the house of life itself is of God's own making. He dares to venture eternal results upon my likelihood of recognition as to who gave it, and I must see to it that God does not fail, is not disappointed.

Several things come plunging through all we have

and are, and tempt us to resent, hate and fight back and grow hard, and they are fear, disappointment and pain. Our foes are many, our perils abound, invaders multiply. Fear seems to be born of our seeming smallness and weakness pressing itself against the vastness of the world. But we are mistaken. God is in us, and with us, and it takes just a little faith to win. We are more divine than human, more infinite than finite—much more so than we think. Jesus was crucified because He dared to declare and to risk all upon the declaration that man was divine, divinely worth and divinely sought. God Himself must be destroyed before you can be ruined. Therefore, " fear not," He said.

Our lives seem to break in two sometimes, they plunge all the way through, and life's scaffolding cracks and crashes, and down we go. The rocks seem to rise to meet us as we fall, rocks that are sharp and black and cruel. That's what disappointment is and does. But when we plunge, let us remember to say firmly, " Well, this is a bad fall; down I seem to go, but never fear, I shall drop upon God." Interpose that thought between yourself and your blow. Slip it in between you and your catastrophe, insulate yourself, and it will not harm you.

Sickness is apt to close and shut and stifle the springs of gratitude. It is hard to feel grateful when life seems to be taking all away from you. We can never know why pain and sickness come, or whence they come. But we should know that God does not send them. Yet God enters them, takes hold of them,

possesses them, dominates them, and through them secures your attention, and fixes your thoughts on Him.

Fear, resentment and despair are the inward enemies of gratitude, for they tend to make you feel that God owes you something better than you have and that He has fallen short of what He ought to do. Once they are encouraged, it is not long until they stifle gratitude, hush the songs of joy in the heart and move you to chant a dirge, a moan, a lament.

More than that, once gratitude disappears from the heart, once you feel that life is not a beautiful gift but a howling waste and black void, you have turned loose within you some of the worst foes of physical health that you can experience. You might as well insert a typhoid fever germ into your blood-stream as to release within your heart a full-grown fear or hate, or to enthrone in the soul the scowling face of some resentment against God or man. You may more easily eject the fever germ than you can remove the fear or the grudge.

When these crashes come or these blows fall and you feel the weight of the world pushing you down and pressing you bitterly, you should always think to defend your soul in the way we have just intimated, and say—"This terrible thing, bad as it is, does not come from God, it presses upon Him as sorely as it does upon me, and He is now destroying it, removing its sting and saving me." As we have already said, it will insulate you.

When a man picks up a live electric wire of high voltage, its flame will destroy him if he does so with

bare hands. But if he puts on rubber gloves and boots, the deadly current remains in the wire and he handles it with impunity.

The love of God, remembrance of Him and reliance upon His presence can do for us something like that. If there is a feeling, supreme, warm and real that through all, above all and in all, the bad and the good in life, there runs a beautiful love, there rules a kindly will, a beautiful presence which before long we shall see clearly, it will preserve us from all evil, keep us in peace, keep us steady, calm and quietly glad amid what may be terrible conditions. Just as in the case of King Albert of the Belgians, when his land had been invaded, his cities ruined by German armies and German shells, the Kaiser said to him, "Now you see what your opposition has brought upon you. What have you gained? What have you left?" Albert turned to him and said, "I have my soul." It will be so with you.

A heart that is gladly content and deeply happy through evil days has a vast dynamo in it, vibrating at its very centre and making for health and harmony. For all health is a condition of harmony, with every function and urge and cell pulsing with perfect vibrations of life. A glad and grateful heart is the greatest insurance against sickness and the strongest friend of health that you can have.

It is a feeling or consciousness very much like that which comes to one when riding over a very good road in a well-made automobile with all parts functioning perfectly, and the hum and pleasant drone of the motor

and the balance of the entire machine tells you that all is well. You are full of an assurance of safety, you are deeply glad, you are grateful because perfect mechanical harmony from centre to circumference is carrying you along so well.

Something like this pervades the entire body, the whole man, makes him conscious that all is well, and does so chiefly by reason of the fact that the deep and vital centres are vibrating perfectly.

XIV

OUR FOUR VISIONS OF GOD

OUR idea and conviction of God is at once a mystery and a wonder. It is amazing that we have any such conviction at all, and that it does such wonderful things with us and through us. We cannot tell at just what point in the long story of our growth and progress that we became certain of God, but certainly thousands of years before Christ came, it took possession of us, purged and uplifted us, and but for its preparation, His work perhaps might have been impossible.

It is also mysterious, for we did not have to believe in Him, trust Him and obey Him. It did not make men richer, more popular or famous. Oftentimes men had to lose by doing so, had to part with what they called worldly good and gain because of their faith. But in spite of loss and pain and discomfort, man's mind reached out after God until "in the fulness of time Christ came."

Our own personal life seems to have been one long movement from childhood to youth and youth to age. It swept into it a large and strange history, fortune or misfortune, fame or obscurity, friendship and loneliness, and a home made in many places. This onward movement of our life seems to be one in which,

for the most part, we lose, we cast off something, drop by the wayside many or most of our gains. Even when reasonably successful and popular, old age at last overtakes us, and then money-making ability ceases, and, generally speaking, much or most of what we have made is lost, and old friends pass away and no new friends are made. Advancing age is one of economic and social loss.

But this movement is one that God Himself seems to have appointed. We are drawn onward, and we are drawn by Him. In being led forward we lose much of what we have gotten along the way. God sent you here, and God is taking you away, and you cannot interrupt or stop the process. It is like the movement of a railroad train. Here you are, sitting in the coach, you look out the windows to the left and right, the whole scene passes by you. Trees, fields, cattle and farmhouses move to the rear. Mountains, plains and rivers seem to fade away and rush to the rear and are left behind. That is the impression, the sense of it that you have. But you know that it is not true, you know that the trees and plains and mountains that are dropping away from you are still there, but that it is you who is being drawn onward and pulled forward. It is not that an unseen engine-power is doing it, but a loving heart and beautiful face at some far-away station pulls you onward and has told you to come.

So it is in life: it seems as if trouble, loss and death are making you older, taking from you your friends and seeming to make you lonelier and poorer, but in fact it is God who is in charge of the marching of life,

is urging you onward, whether you wish it or not, and whose loving face stands at the further end and has told you to " Come unto Me." We are daily answering that urgent call and are coming.

This is the way God comes to you, like the stations ahead of you, like the faces of loved friends there waiting. They *come* in proportion just as these visible things about you leave and disappear. If what you have did not drop off and fall away, the glorious future, the lovely aspects ahead, would never come. God comes, things go. God comes by making things to go.

This process of knowing and loving God has been a wonderful one. The whole story of Scripture is the record of its unfolding. In Genesis you see its beginning and in the New Testament you see its culmination. But this Bible story of the successive visions of God which men were able to secure is a story that is repeated in every individual experience. In Scripture we first see God as Maker and how men responded, what they did with it and how they felt. In the Gospels we see God coming as a marvellous Companion, an incarnate Presence, a Pilgrim, Shepherd, Pathfinder, and Guide, and we see how men reacted and what they did with this beautiful Presence. They understood Him about as dimly, they grasped His meaning as poorly, as obscurely, they blunderingly co-operated about as badly as the men in Genesis seem to have acted toward God the Creator. They misused the divine Companion as badly as they misunderstood the divine creatorship.

But at Pentecost, when the Spirit descended upon the disciples, then and there was another creation, another incarnation. There and then God took possession of the human consciousness. There and then the Creator of the heavens and the earth created something more wonderful than stars and planets, He created within the soul, eyes with which to see and ears with which to hear the presence and approach of God to man. Then God, who had come as Companion, came within, the Creator entered the heart's lowly door, then what was possible of being known by a few on Galilee's shores, became possible to every man, everywhere, always and for all time.

We all know this, or should know it, although the rush, hurry and impatience of the age may tempt us to slight or ignore it. What we are not as likely to know is that this same experience, this same progress of these three visions of God as Maker, as Companion and inward Presence is one that is repeated by the individual life. We today begin and first awaken to the sense that God or Someone made all, and then later in life, further down the road, we discover a strange presence, an unknown haunting impact of some kind. Through one of life's strange "openings," as the Quaker calls it, what seems like a dimly veiled Face, a singular uncanny touch arouses us, and we feel what Tennyson meant when he said, "an unknown Presence haunts us and our individuality endures."

But one day something more beautiful than that took place. It came perhaps through the crash and

crush of some disaster, when the burden suddenly became heavier than we could carry, when the struggle was so terrible, the blows so incessant, the losses external so sweeping that all outward life became chaos and ruin. Then a new light broke within. A strange presence took inward possession of us. A new world came real, near and beautiful, its stars and firmament, its sun and planet, its food, drink, contacts and outreachings far more actual than any outward, visible experience we had known. Then we, too, knew God, as they did not and could not in Genesis, then we knew that Face that looked upon multitudes by Galilee and along the waysides and heard a voice that Peter and John never heard. This is what millions have known of God who knocks at the door of the heart and enters that He may break the Bread of Life as He did break the loaves by Galilee.

Men today, take them as you meet them in our churches, have not gotten much beyond the sense that God has made all things and that God is in life, in their life, and perhaps may even feel now and then that they find within them a help and comfort. But only vaguely, only occasionally, and for the most part, life today has no peace or joy in it anywhere. For the most part, it gets the better of everyone and everyone gets the worst of life in the struggle. It's a losing struggle, this thing of life, a march into a mysterious, lonely land somewhere ahead. We can't stop it, so we will put up with it, endure it as best may be, and when the final push comes, whatever is there, we will take ours along with the rest.

That is the faith of the average Christian today, that is the way the present feels and the future looks. If there is any other God than that, he does not know Him. Yet how terrible that this should seem to be all. If he is right, then life is a march to a graveyard and our favourite tune should be a dirge and black plumes should wave.

The reason for this gloom and sadness lies within the man. He has made this scene and hung it with black when he decided that it was not enough for him to believe in a divine Maker of things, and when it was sufficient for him to believe in a providence over things, a tide in the affairs of men, and felt that he was doing something wonderful to believe that the voice and face of God looked in upon him on the day of some disaster and to be quickly forgotten when the disaster passed, not giving any further sustained attention to God, but saying a prayer at night if he wasn't too tired, coming to church if the weather was good, but always feeling when he went to church that he was not getting anything out of it. No wonder, because he had come to look on everything, God included, as an order of things out of which he was to get something. God must give him something, the church must give him something, and both God and church were sources of entertainment and gift.

The most wonderful thing that could happen to this man, would be for the whole of this system of things to crash—God, church, faith and interest in both. Today, this is what is happening.

It is folly to imagine that you have enough, that

you are among the saved if you believe in a divine Creator, and a divine Providence, in the presence of which you can live your life as you wish, taking thought of this " far-away God " as may be convenient, but living, loving, eating, sleeping and working really for yourself, and if God doesn't help you out, you will get mad at Him and punish Him by stopping your subscription. We repeat, the sooner this impossible pasteboard house is blown away, the sooner the man may build a better over his head. The trouble with our churches today is that there is such a multitude of this kind in the pews.

We need missionaries to this unknown land within, today. We need messengers who may go to the apparent Christians that are, change their meagre faith in God as maker and guide, into a compelling, thrilling faith that sees and feels God as a beautiful Presence of light and life and love, pervading all that they are. That God is not One whom they are to think of occasionally, or as One whom they may possibly touch or who touches them, sees, visits and comes to them. But that He is One *in whom they are!* Not a Maker, a friend only. But we draw our breath in Him, our thought is His mind functioning in us, our love is a part of His love and our life is a part of His life.

This is the vision of God that must come, and each of these other visions had to move onward into a higher vision, makership into companionship and comradeship into inward presence, but the last gathers all others up unto itself.

In order to illustrate how wrongly we think of God,

how childish and inadequate is the way we regard and feel toward Him, let us take a simple illustration, one with which almost every experience has had to do. We have a way of saying, when trouble comes and we need divine help, that " We will go to God about it," which lets the cat out of the bag, so to speak. We are imagining that God is somewhere far away, and that we must make a journey to meet Him and speak to Him. Really, what we ought to say is, " I am within God, within His mind, His love, and since I am thus surrounded by God, I shall speak to Him." What a difference it will make, what a change will come over the face of your skies when you think and feel that way, and how different your prayer will be when you begin to pray!

XV

ON THE OPEN ROAD WITH CHRIST

JESUS was the greatest outdoor Man that ever lived. He moved freely and gladly, far and wide, beneath the open sky of Galilee, but He has touched every flower and tree with the suggestion of beauty, and given the human mind the thought of the world as His Father's house.

You cannot even think of Him except as out-of-doors. His very face seems set against the landscape of that countryside, and the dust of its roads is upon His feet. What a strange, winsome, marvellous Figure He must have been, walking up and down the land, over its fields, by its lakeside, striding in great sweeps along its highways, always in that plain homespun robe He wore, always bareheaded and always in sandalled feet, after the custom of the time.

Once He said, " The Son of man hath not where to lay His head," but, sometimes, we wonder if He minded that as much as He did the fact that perhaps men did not *want* to offer Him a place to lay His head? He must have loved the glorious freedom of the outdoors, and in the long journey afoot from Galilee to Jerusalem, and then through Samaria, and again when He swung far away from life and noise and all sordid ways into the North Country, He had to be on the road

several days at a time. When He did, He must have slept on the ground, alone, looking up at the stars, in the deep stillness and solitude of the night. We take it for granted, we pass it by uncommented on, but really it belongs to the eternal side of His marvellous life, His love of silence and apartness—with God. On several distinct occasions, it is said He remained all night in prayer on the mountain and, of course, those " forty days in the wilderness," when He was tempted of the Devil, were also " forty nights " as well, that were so spent in the desert there. Usually, we just do not get the grip of that fact—" forty nights " in the desert, in silence, and alone!

Even when He did stay in houses, we believe He must have followed the practice of His time and slept on the roof, for it was a custom of the land. There He is, how sharp the outline, how fascinating the Figure, a silent presence generally sandalled, bare-headed, loving the fields, the mountains, loving the ground where He often slept, loving the wind as it undulated His hair, and rippled His robe and, above all, loving the bright, pure, keen, brilliant sunlight, and moving erect and quiet and serene and glad, beneath His Father's sky. What a presence it was!

We have the misfortune to have to spend much of our life indoors, in our country and climate, prisoners within the enclosure of four walls and a roof, and it has exerted and still exerts a greater influence upon us than we imagine. It has not only affected our health to such an extent that there is almost a violent reaction of athleticism, with many extreme phases.

But it also may have affected the way we feel and think of God. Agnostics and sceptics are born indoors, in the dusk, in the library, under the lamplight. Great believers are born under the vast sky of God, in some lonely wilderness, mingling with people. Sometimes God can reach us better when we look up at His strange and beautiful stars, or when alone, amid some beautiful scene, than He can when reading some book in a room that needs the messages of sweet winds blowing in it, and the witness of the sunbeams.

Our day has been marked by a widespread, outdoor movement, one of the most remarkable of our day, which has taken men back to grass and trees and streams, out into the sunlight and starlight and up into a closer and more natural touch with that Spirit that broods over all.

The automobile has been a factor in this, but the moving cause has been deeper than that—the spirit of man himself, has risen in protest and rebellion against the unbearable and unhealthy living conditions of our vast man-made cities. Yet the machine has helped, making it possible quickly to reach the pure air and lovely aspects, the quiet release and restoring touch of God's lovely fields.

In all this outdoor movement and passionate interest and study in the life of Nature, it is not strange that there has been a more passionate effort made to recover the impression of that idyllic picture of the Galilæan Jesus than ever before. This is interesting, but not surprising; it is what ought to be. (Nor is it any wonder that in this country-loving, outdoor interest

of ours today, that there should have been painted one of the world's immortal pictures of Jesus, Holman Hunt's *The Light of the World,* and that there should have been written one of the world's greatest poems of Him, *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere,"* by Ezra Pound.)

Jesus' sermons were preached, for the most part, out-of-doors, moving up and down the land, sitting on the hillside, talking to a woman of Samaria, or moving along some path that threaded its course through a grain-field, or wandering along the shores of Galilee, which He must have loved in a peculiarly fond way. It must have been a beautiful scene, when five thousand men, besides women and children, sat down in companies or groups on " the green grass " and were fed by His miraculous supply. A great scene and, of course, it is the out-of-door setting that makes it so.

His miracles were almost all of them out-of-doors, the lepers, the man with a withered hand, the blind, the deaf, and those possessed of demons—all of these memorable events were out-of-doors.

He loved Galilee, as we have said, and were any of us to visit that land of His, almost the first thing we would think of and desire most to see would be Galilee—Jesus' lovely lake. How often He walked up and down its shores, sailed over its waters, and preached to listening multitudes that always seemed to assemble near it.

Almost all of His preaching was done out-of-doors. His matchless parables—*The Sower, The Wise and*

Foolish Virgins, The Lost Sheep, The Lost Coin and Lost Son, The Story of the Good Shepherd—all of them were spoken out-of-doors.

He was out-of-doors when He called His twelve apostles, and the men He appointed were out-of-door men, men who knew what the sun and stars were like, how the winds blew, the moods and sounds and aspects of Nature. How can one ever forget that beautiful outdoor scene when Jesus walked along the lakeside, or somewhere near it, and John exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God." And that spark of witness and flash of testimony caught the sensitive spirit of Andrew, "one of those who heard Him," and his soul flashed with the flame that set a light burning that will flame forever.

The two names He gave to His life and His work were outdoor names, "Teacher" and "Shepherd." For He was not a teacher in the Temple, or of the council-table, but a teacher of the roadside, of the fields and open places, a wandering teacher. He was the Good Shepherd who knew His sheep and how to watch a flock and lead them to and from the fields and into the fold, and to guard them against wild beasts. The teacher of the open air, and a guiding, watchful shepherd, both suggestive of the outdoors.

You cannot think of Him as a frequenter of the city, or a lover of city ways and conditions. He went to Jerusalem to the annual Feast of the Atonement, but perhaps only because urgent duty moved Him to do so. But its crowded streets and noisy ways, its

bargain-driving in the bazaars, its gossip and disputes, were things far removed from His joy and peace.

His ideas were also out-of-door ideas and, above all, when He proceeded to tell men of God, who He was, what He was like and what He was trying to do and how to believe and love and live, He drew His figures and thought-forms from the vast outer world. God was like the wind, He said, that "bloweth where it listeth," and like the sunlight falling silently, penetratingly, everywhere and on all things, and like the water, rippling quietly, refreshingly, and making all things to grow and to be beautiful. God was like that. In the words of John Charles Earl:

"He pours the flood of light on darkened eyes,
He chases tears, diseases, fiends away;
His throne is raised upon those Orient skies,
His footstool is the pave whereon we pray.
Oh, tell me not of Christ in Paradise,
For He is all around us here, today."

Most solemn of all, He died out-of-doors. The Cross was outside, not inside, on a "green hill, far away," out under the dark, angry sky of that sombre, sullen, stormy day. The cries of the rabble rent the air, not of a room, but of the outer world, and beat against the clouds, for there was "darkness until the ninth hour"—all of it out-of-doors. And He arose out-of-doors, in the Garden of the Arimathæan, and He must have felt the cool air in His face gently blowing in the purple gloom of the early morning, where

presently the voice of Mary was to call to Him in glad surprise, "Rabboni," "My Master"—all of it out-of-doors!

Three wonderful portrayals of Jesus have come to us out of this age of ours, commercial and material and sordid as it is, which, nevertheless, are among the loveliest and most striking that we have and, strange to say, they set Him before us as the Wayfarer, the Traveller and Pilgrim of the Human Road.

One of these (to which we have already referred) is Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, *The Light of the World,* the original of which hangs on the walls of Keble College, Oxford. It is one of the most dearly-loved and familiar of all the pictures of Jesus that we have. Everyone recognizes it at once—the Stranger at the door, knocking, knocking, the latch inside, vines and weeds overspreading its surface, apples, fallen from trees, scattered here and there, and all—out-of-doors! An humble, quiet, kindly Wayfarer!

The second of these portrayals is John Henry Newman's *Lead, Kindly Light,* and typifies Jesus as the Great Pathfinder in the world's darkness, holding a lantern in His hand, leading on through the gloom—the Eternal Master of the Human Road:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me."

Especially enheartening are the delicate, lifting, confident music of the final lines:

"So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,
Which I have lost long since, and lost awhile."

A Pathfinder of the Night! Guide over the most terrible of all roads, the Road of Life—the Infinite and Lovely Wayfarer!

The third is the vision of Him we have in *The Ballad of the Goodly Fere,* by Ezra Pound. It is one of the most recent portrayals of Him in verse that we have, and one of the most dramatic and realistic and solemn:

"A Son of God was the Goodly Fere,
That bade us His brothers be;
I have seen Him call a thousand men,
I have seen Him upon a tree.

. . . . . .

"A Master o' men was the Goodly Fere,
A Mate o' the wind and sun;
If they think they ha' slain the Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

"I ha' seen Him eat o' the honeycomb
Sin' they nailed Him to a tree."

Nothing ethereal, cloistral, dreamy and unreal about these portraits, but the Jesus at once of Galilee and of today—the Wayfarer with the kindly Light of His

lantern, the Pilot of the Road, the Companion of the soul—the Goodly Fere.

Perhaps the loveliest and most endlessly fascinating picture in the Gospel narratives is that of The Walk to Emmaus. This, also, is a wayside scene.

The twilight was falling as these two disciples journeyed from Jerusalem back to their home again. Everything to them had seemed to fail, everything had apparently come to naught. It was twilight inside as well as outside, and evening shadows were trailing over the landscape of consciousness as well as over the Judæan hills. The western sun was slowly setting, and the hearts of the travellers were heavy, because the sun of their hope apparently was going down. And if there were any songs of birds in the evening sky, which were being hushed as night came on, they did not hear them. So they went onward, talking in low tones of mutual regret and reciprocal despair.

Then a Stranger, coming up to them from behind, gently draws near, softly, slowly, noiselessly blended His presence with theirs. On they went, He listening, they talking. He is just a mere friendly comrade, who has come upon the road from apparently nowhere, and who identifies himself with the drift of their conversation.

What a strange scene it was, and how eternally revealing! For it was a viewless God, who, with velvet feet, walked on with the journeyers to Emmaus, not letting them know who He was, yet making them aware *that* He was.

It is while we are going onward in these earthly journeys of ours, even as they did, moving along the road, from duty to duty, from labour to labour, from burden to burden, from problem to problem, that this same strange sort of Presence seems to draw near to us, just as it drew near to them. For months and maybe for years, men move along the road of life today and the soft Voices of God's spirit speaks into them and all about them, and frequently they will mistake these Voices for voices of nature or of men, or of anything else and any one else than God. We are very much as they were.

It is while we are in motion in some good behalf that some twilight like theirs overtakes us, some earthquake makes us to tremble or black night blinds our eyes to the meaning of our way and, consequently, wayfaring, we become confused and hopeless, even as they did. Then there comes that sound of a noiseless Presence, of Sandalled Feet, the soft swish of a Robe, the encouraging sweep of an Unseen Hand and a low Voice, and we gather strength with which to go on and are comforted and assured.

It is all because the Roadmaker has overtaken us. It is a great mystery, we know, and one which no one can explain, but we seem to need some desperate and hopeless condition to bring us anew the freshened sense of God. It seems necessary for some blow to fall upon us, for some dark eclipse to come, some Calvary to appear, before we hear once more the foot-fall of the Wayfarer, the loving hand and Voice of the Goodly Fere.

In spite of the inviting contacts and fields which this modern world offers us, we must bear in mind that there is not a particle of abiding and restful peace and joy in it. The whole universe is the body of God. All activities in life are roadways which He travels. All around us and within, the beautiful Presence of His light and love, along which we ought to find Him as the supreme and unutterable Reality.

When men find God, they walk with God and are more than just men. They are men, plus God.

"He is not far away,
Why do we sometimes seem to be alone
And miss the hands outstretched to meet our own.
He is the same today as when of old He dwelt
In human form with His disciples—when
He knew the needs of all His fellow-men
And all their sorrows felt.

"Only our faith is dim,
So that our eyes are holden, and we go
All day, and until dusk, before we know
That we have walked with Him."

XVI

A PRAYER FOR RADIANCE

O WONDERFUL and luminous God, Thy life and love flood the fair fields of the world with Thy splendour, making them to rejoice and be glad. Let not our hearts alone be dumb when heaven and nature sing.

The rising sun makes us daily think of Thy glorious presence; the song of birds is born of the melody of Thy mind; lake and stream are motions of Thy life and refreshments of Thy love, and the surging sea sings anthems of praise.

Amid this gladness and glory only our hearts are sad, our minds dark and our souls heavy. Only our faces show forth no glory and our lives give no gleam of gladness.

Let Thy life today enter us abundantly and Thy light break through our darkness, and Thy love touch our desert and make it to bloom as the rose.

Open our blind eyes that we may see Thee, and our deaf ears that we may hear Thee, and open the sealed doors of our lives that Thine infinite beauty may enter and make us to live brightly, cheerfully and fearlessly for Thee. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, AMEN.

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